

1½d.

Daily Mirror

176,059

"Daily Mirror"
Readers attended
the great Gala at
the Crystal Palace
on Saturday.

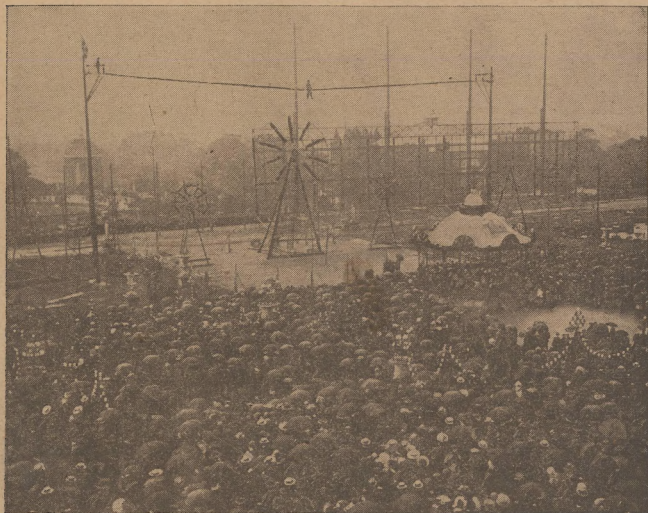
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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

GIGANTIC SUCCESS OF "MIRROR" GALA DAY—176,059 DELIGHTED READERS OF THE "DAILY MIRROR" VISITED THE CRYSTAL PALACE FREE OF CHARGE.



M. Theo Orion performing his marvellous aerial feats at the Palace on "Mirror" Gala Day. Whilst balancing himself on the wire he undressed, stood on his head, and turned a somersault, to the delight of thousands of "Mirror" readers.



A small portion of the crowd of "Mirror" readers listening to a selection by the famous "Kilties" Band in the Concert Hall in the Centre Transept of the Crystal Palace on Saturday—"Mirror" Gala Day.—(Russell.)

RUSSIAN CRUISER ASKOLD, RIDDLED BY JAPANESE SHELLS.



This photograph of the Russian warship Askold shows one of the great rents made in her side by a Japanese shell. The vessel managed to reach Shanghai in this condition, where she was ordered to disarm.

176,059

"Daily Mirror" Readers at
the Crystal Palace
Gala.

BIGGEST CROWD ON RECORD

And, According to Experts, the
Most Orderly.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENES AND
INCIDENTS.

TOTAL ATTENDANCE	176,059
Passed turnstiles	124,059
Through open gates	40,000
Climbed fences	12,000
	176,059

General Manager's Estimate	170,000
Estimate of Mr. C. T. Brock	160,000
Estimate of Mr. Carr (Chief Engineer at the Palace for 43 years)	175,000
Previous record attendance at the Crystal Palace	114,000

The crowd was the most orderly ever
seen at the Crystal Palace. It was the
largest that has ever been collected for
the purpose of amusement.

The turnstiles at the seven entrances
were not equal to the task imposed upon
them. Countless thousands passed through
the open side gates, or swarmed over the
Palace fences, displaying their coupons in
their hats.

The crowd was not only the greatest ever
seen at the Crystal Palace. It was the
largest that has ever been collected for
the purpose of amusement.

130,000 people witnessed the remarkable
wire-walking performance of Orion, the
pupil of the great Blondin.

160,000 people saw the wonderful display
of fireworks upon the terrace at nine
o'clock.

800 foot and six mounted police were
present in the grounds to keep order and
direct the incoming and outgoing throngs.
1,400 attendants were employed at 87
refreshment rooms and stalls, which were
patronised throughout the day and night.

Some items of the catering were:-

250,000 slices bread and butter.
100,000 bottles mineral waters.
50,000 rolls.
30,000 batons of bread.
3 tons of butter.
108,000 pieces of cake.
2,000 gallons milk.
40,000 penny scones.
10,000 French pastry.
10,000 sponge cakes.
67,000 penny buns.
36,000 sandwiches.

At the close of the Palace Messrs. Lyons
still had vast supplies of food on hand.

Mr. CHARLES T. BROCK: Of the many
crowds I have seen in different parts of
the world, Saturday's crowd at the Crystal
Palace was the most wonderful and the best-tempered.

Mr. W. T. CARR: The largest, most en-
thusiastic, and best-mannered "holiday" crowd I
have beheld at the Crystal Palace during the
forty-three years I have acted as engineer there.

These two testimonials are herewith presented
to our guests of Saturday last, accompanied with
one big, hearty handshake of congratulation and
gratitude.

It was indeed an amusing crowd. What it
totaled cannot be stated exactly, but there passed
through the turnstiles 124,059 persons.

In addition, many, many thousands of visitors
gained access through gates unprovided with
enumerating apparatus. Hence capable judges
estimated that when Messrs. Brock expressed in
dazzling multi-coloured fire the hope of the *Daily
Mirror* that everyone had spent "a happy day,"
fully 170,000 spectators were present. Some put
the figure at a round 200,000.

Whatever the number, there has never before
been in London, or anywhere else, a spectacle to
equal the sight which the Crystal Palace grounds

(Continued on page 10.)

RAILWAY HORROR.

Fifty Passengers Killed and Many
Injured.

From fifty to seventy-five persons have been
killed, and 100 to 150 injured by a terrible railway
collision on the Southern Railway of the United
States.

An eastward bound express train from Knoxville
to Salisbury collided at 9.35 on Saturday morning
with a local passenger train from Bristol near New-
market, Tennessee.

Four sleeping-cars of the express train kept the
rails, and no one in these cars was injured. But
the other cars were demolished. These were
crowded with passengers travelling to Newmarket,
to be present at the funeral of a prominent citizen.
His brother was in the train and among those
killed.

Accounts of the accident sent by Reuter show
that it occurred on a curve, and was due to the
driver of the local train overlooking the order
regarding the passing-place of the two trains.

-VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.

Magnificent Sight, But Full of Danger
to Naples.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NAPLES, Sunday.—Vesuvius is entertaining the
Neapolitans to a mighty display of pyrotechnics to
an undesirable accompaniment of showers of red-
hot stones.

Tremendous explosions are frequent, and parts
of the neighbouring woods have been badly
scorched, while the cable of Messrs. Cook's funicular
railway has been severed.

The director of the observatory inclines to the
view that the crater is at present obstructed.

He, therefore, warns the people living in the
neighbourhood that it will be dangerous to ap-
proach from the north, as the cone may yield to
the strain on that side.

Everything points to the activity of the volcano
increasing, and the prospect is causing the Neapolitans
some uneasiness.

MYSTERIOUS RIVER.

Race of Men Who Eat Grass and Are
Sometimes Cannibals.

The march of our troops from Lhasa back to
India will occupy from six to eight weeks, says a
Reuter special message.

The interesting geographical question whether
the River Sapo is identical with the Brahmapu-
tra, which flows into Assam, will not be solved
by local inquiry. The Tibetans profess to
know nothing of the Abaras country. They tell the
most extravagant tales of its inhabitants. They
say they are cannibals on occasions, but that they
live generally on grass, which they munch on all
four legs animals.

The men, the Tibetans insist, have horns growing
behind their ears. They wear no clothes and carry
no offensive weapons. When fighting among them-
selves they rend each other with their teeth and
nails. They are afraid of strangers. The Tibetans
would long ago have possessed themselves of the
Abaras country, but the Lamas forbid them to enter
regions "inhabited by devils."

BONESETTER BESIEGED.

William Rae Receives 500 Patients
in a Day.

Hundreds of crippled people besieged the home
of the Blantyre collier-surgeon, Mr. Rae, on Satur-
day, and for the time, Blantyre was converted into
a hospital.

Indignation has been aroused among the poorer
pilgrims at the excessive charges for lodgings
charged in Blantyre, 5s. a night, with board and
attendance, being the minimum charge.

In many cases, even for this fee, people have to
sleep on the floor.

Trains brought some 500 patients, and their 200
guardians from Bradford, Manchester, Darwen,
Huddersfield, and Bolton, and other places. Even
Devon and Cornwall were strongly represented.

The rush for tickets entailing the holders to an
interview with the wonder-worker was full of
excitement.

Mr. Rae and his family were aroused shortly
after five o'clock, and until ten o'clock at night the
bonesetter was adjusting limbs.

Five hundred and thirty tickets were issued, so
that with a leeway of fully one hundred cases to
make up from last week the collier-surgeon will
have his hands busy for weeks to come.

TORNADO DESOLATES SICILY.

PALEMO, Saturday.—A violent tornado has
passed over the island of Ustica, destroying many
houses. One person has been killed and forty-five
have been injured.

The troops are assisting in the work of rescuing
the sufferers and protecting property.—Reuter.

PRESIDENT AND PRIMATE

Exchange Congratulations on
Their Fortunate Escapes.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Sunday.—When the Archbishop of
Canterbury was presented to Mr. Roosevelt here
yesterday the President and the Primate ex-
changed congratulations upon their mutual escape
from injury in railway accidents. It was an extra-
ordinary coincidence that the first visit of an Arch-
bishop of Canterbury to a President of the United
States should have been marked by accidents to the
trains in which host and guest were travelling by
different routes to Washington.

The interview lasted about an hour, and the
political and ecclesiastical rulers conversed freely
and cordially.

On Saturday evening President Roosevelt gave a
state dinner, in honour of the Archbishop.

During the day Dr. Davidson and Mrs. Davidson
were driven to the residence of Bishop Satterlee,
and a thanksgiving service was held at the Bishop's
private chapel for the escape of the Primate and
his party in the railway accident.

Dr. Davidson assured Bishop Satterlee that
neither he nor Mrs. Davidson had suffered any evil
effects.

PRINCESS AS TREE PLANTER.

Royal Visitors Have a Hearty Wel-
come from Pretoria Crowds.

PRETORIA, Saturday.—This forenoon Princess
Christian laid the foundation-stone of a home for
the aged poor, planted a tree, and opened Princess
Park.

The ceremonies were performed in the presence
of great, cheering crowds, including many visitors
to the city. The Royal party received every
demonstration of welcome.

In the afternoon the Princess opened a bazaar
in the Zoological Gardens in aid of church chari-
table funds. Addresses were read on behalf of the
women of Pretoria, the Royal Women's Guild, and
the nurses, many of whom were presented to her
Royal Highness.

Her Royal Highness has expressed her gratitude
for the tender care which has been bestowed upon
her son's grave, which, as far as possible, she saw
in its pristine condition.

Among the wreaths which were placed on the
grave yesterday was one from the officers of the
60th Rifles and one from old Windsor servants.—
Reuter.

MADMAN'S SANE MOMENT.

On His Deathbed He Confesses to a
Long-Forgotten Murder.

Many years ago a beautiful Russian girl was
found murdered in a wood.

Her lover, Simon Petrovsky, was tried on circum-
stantial evidence, and upon conviction exiled to
Siberia.

About the same time, Petrovsky's cousin, No-
goied, a rival claimant to the girl's affections, went
mad with grief at her death, and was confined in
an asylum.

His death took place the other day, but it was
preceded by a period of sanity, in which he calmly
confessed that he was the murderer of the girl, and
his cousin.

When his story was laughed at, he declared that
his pistol would be found in a pond near the fatal
spot. Search was made, and the pistol found,
thus substantiating the madman's confession.

FIRE AT A HOSPITAL.

Another Addition to the Troubles of
Smallpox-Smitten Dewsbury.

To add to Dewsbury's smallpox troubles a fire
broke out yesterday forenoon at the hospital.

It caused great consternation, as the main build-
ing is fully occupied with patients and staff.

The fire occurred in a wing, one of two being
erected to afford much-needed extra accommoda-
tion, and was to have been occupied to-day. The
structure was totally destroyed.

It is believed that the fire was caused by the
carelessness of a workman engaged in some var-
nishing work.

TRAGIC END TO A LUNCH.

After an expensive lunch in a restaurant of the
Belleville quarter of Paris, a young man handed
the bill to his lady companion with the remark
that he was penniless.

The lady indignantly informed the proprietor
that the man was a stranger to her, and while the
three were hotly discussing the matter the man ex-
claimed, "I wished to make a good meal before
leaving for the next world," and then shot himself
with a revolver.

LADY CURZON.

Grave Relapse Follows an
Operation.

LORD CURZON'S FORTITUDE.

Lady Curzon's condition, according to the latest
bulletin received before going to press, was still
extremely grave.

Sir Thomas Barlow states, however, that the
peritonitis has now been localised to a considerable
extent.

On Saturday afternoon, after a conference be-
tween Sir Thomas Barlow and the surgeons in
attendance, an operation to relieve the effects of
the peritonitis was successfully performed by Mr.
Watson Cheyne. Subsequently the patient was
much more comfortable, and at half-past nine
yesterday morning a bulletin was issued at Walmer
Castle stating that she had passed a quiet night.

She applied, later in the day the more favourable
condition was not maintained, and the surgeons
became extremely anxious in the early part of the
afternoon. Instructions were sent to London for
a supply of oxygen to be dispatched immediately.
A special train, conveying two cylinders of oxygen
and other remedies, arrived at half-past four, all
ordinary traffic being temporarily suspended, in
order to expedite its progress.

PRAYERS FOR RECOVERY.

Prayers for Lady Curzon's recovery were offered
at Walmer Parish Church yesterday.

Sir Thomas Barlow and the other medical ad-
visers all remained at the castle last night. The
matron of Dea Hospital is in charge of the nursing
arrangements.

Under his burden of terrible anxiety, Lord
Curzon bears up with great fortitude, and finds time
to attend personally to his official dispatches, a
number of which have had to be dealt with during
the past few days.

Unnumbered telegrams of sympathy and inquiry
have been received, many of them coming from
India. Yesterday there were a number of callers
at Walmer Castle.

After one of the fastest railway journeys on
record in their attempt to reach the bedside of
Lady Curzon at the earliest possible moment Mrs.
Levi Leiter and her daughter Nanette have suc-
ceeded in catching the liner *Vaderland* at New
York, though they were too late for the *Lucia*.

On receiving the serious reports of her daughter's
condition Mrs. Leiter at once set out for Europe,
heedless of expense in her efforts to lose no time on
the way.

MRS. LEITER'S JOURNEY.

She and her daughter arrived in Chicago from
Denver on Friday, and left at once by the
Twentieth Century Limited, one of the fastest
trains to New York. Mrs. Leiter telegraphed that
the *Lucia* might be detained regardless of ex-
pense, but this was found impossible, and she also
failed to hold the American liner *New York*.

Arriving at New York the party drove off fu-
riously to the pier, after telephoning that the *Vader-
land* should be held at all costs. The cable ap-
peared on the scene just as the whistle of the liner
sounded. Sailors were standing ready to assist the
travellers on board, and they came up the gangway
on the run. The gangways were lowered, the ropes
cast off, and the ship immediately got under way.

Mrs. Leiter and her daughter are to land at
Dover. The steamer is due to start there at six
o'clock on the morning of Monday next. The
Vaderland is a 16 knot boat, but all possible pres-
sure is to be used in point of speed, and it is thought
the vessel may reach Dover on Sunday evening.

A special train will be in waiting to convey the
travellers over the remaining seven miles to Wal-
mer.

MOHAMMEDAN PRAYERS.

SIMLA, Saturday.—The utmost concern is felt
here at the illness of Lady Curzon. The Moham-
medans of Simla prayed for her recovery three
times yesterday. Native sympathy with Lord
Curzon is great throughout India.—Reuter.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:
Variable breezes, finally westerly, with change-
able rain and thunder in many places, fair
intervals; cool.

Lightning-up time: 6.40 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth generally.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

We make no apology for directing the attention of
readers of the "Daily Mirror" to the remarkable
serial story, entitled "Till the Dead Speak," which
appears to-day on page 11.

The first instalment of this thrilling story appeared
on Saturday, but a comprehensive summary of the
opening incidents which is given to-day will enable
new readers to follow this most startling work of
fiction as from the beginning.

HORRORS OF SIEGE.

Hurricane of Shells at Port Arthur.

MANY FORTS TAKEN.

The position of Port Arthur is desperate. From three sides the entire Japanese forces are delivering a general assault, more deadly and fierce than any previously made. They seem determined to conquer the fortress this time, and the Russians are as bravely bent on resisting.

The garrison is literally fighting in a furnace, a perfect hurricane of shells pouring down upon the town, the harbour, and the fortress from Wolf's Hill and the roadstead.

Whole battalions of Japanese have been annihilated by concealed mines, but the besiegers succeeded in reaching the walls after an indescribable massacre.

General Fock particularly distinguishes himself by his dauntless courage, fearlessly exposing himself on the walls, and personally handling a musket, while General Stoessel goes from fort to fort, ever encouraging his men with his presence.

PRODIGES OF VALOUR.

Prodigies of valour have been performed by the garrison, who, although reduced to a few thousands, have over and over again repulsed the most serious assaults ever made, but they have been unable to stem the progress of the besiegers.

Admiral Togo and Admiral Kamimura, with their combined fleets, are co-operating in this fearful bombardment, which it is expected will be successful this time, although the Russian Court still clings to the hope that the heroism of General Stoessel and his men may after all overcome the frenzied onslaughts of the Japanese.

MANY FORTS CAPTURED.

All the exterior forts are in the possession of the Japanese, who are also said to have captured six more in the second line of defence.

To add to the horror of the situation, cholera has broken out in the fortress, and grave fears are entertained that it will become epidemic.

There are already 15,000 sick and wounded in the fortress.

St. Petersburg itself is kept in complete ignorance of the tragedy being enacted. Important telegrams reached the Tsar on Friday, but their contents were not communicated to the General Staff. It is believed they related to the desperate position of Port Arthur, and the general anxiety is painful and intense.

SLOWLY ADVANCING ON MUKDEN.

The Japanese are slowly advancing, and have reached a point about ten miles east of Mukden. It is believed that General Oyama will force a battle before further reinforcements reach General Kuropatkin.

MANCHURIAN BEAUTY SHOW.

Gaiety and Frivolity in the Midst of War's Alarms.

Despite war's alarms the theatrical season at Harbin this winter is expected to be a brilliant one. The best companies are being engaged, but all the artists insist on highly-increased salaries.

Members of the Women's Patriotic League recently organised a "Concourse of Harbin's beauties," the prize being a colossal bouquet of choice flowers drawn in a blossom-covered chariot.

For days before the fête the town was in a greatly agitated condition, and champions of the fair competitors held fierce dispute as to the merits of their friends.

Upon the appointed day all Harbin flocked to hear the judge's decision, but he tactfully declared that he was too dazzled to judge between the fair competitors, and as they had shown equal beauty of soul in entering he distributed the flowers equally among them.

VIRTUES OF THE MILT.

The virtues of the kill were the subject of a lecture by Mr. J. Canthe at the Polytechnic on Saturday. The kill, he said, was excellent for men, but most important for boys, from the health point of view. The lecturer also dwelt on the multitudes of bald-headed men, whose lack of hair arose from the use of tight-fitting hats, a fashion preventing a proper supply of blood to the head. Women did not become bald. Why? Their hats were free and loose.

SPIIDO AS CONSCRIPT.

The Belgian Anarchist, Spido, who fired a revolver at King Edward, when Prince of Wales, has been drawn as a conscript in the Belgian Army. He will be enrolled in a Congo regiment.

DUCAL CASTLE ABLAZE.

Costly Tapestries Destroyed by Fire at Inverary.

The Duke of Argyll's castle at Inverary was the scene of an alarming fire on Saturday evening. The castle is occupied on a lease by Mr. Cresswell. Shortly after six o'clock one of the footmen, upon entering the large drawing-room on the south front of the castle, discovered the shade over one of the table lamps in a blaze. The lamp being near one of the windows the curtains caught fire, and in a moment the flames had run up to the cornice.

Before anything could be done the valuable historic tapestry with which the saloon is hung had been partly destroyed. Recourse was had to the fire appliances which have been kept on the premises in readiness ever since the memorable fire which occurred twenty-seven years ago, when the whole interior of the great central tower, with all its valuable fittings and contents, was completely destroyed, the restoration being afterwards carried out at great expense.

Fortunately the efforts made were successful in preventing the flames spreading. Five minutes longer, and the consequences would have been incalculable.

FORTUNE FOUND BY READING.

Two Miners Left £40,000 by Their Emigrant Father.

Two Burnley coal miners have just learned of their inheritance to a fortune of between £40,000 and £50,000, left by their father, who emigrated to America many years ago.

Frank Stephens, a native of Blackwater, near St. Agnes, Cornwall, was a miner. Along with eleven other men he left Cornwall forty years ago to work for a company in Central America, but six of them, including Stephens, prospected on their own account, with the result that twenty-four years ago Stephens was able to buy out his partner for £12,000. He gradually succeeded in accumulating a substantial fortune. His sons had lost all trace of him, when one of them read an advertisement for next-of-kin. They communicated with the solicitors, and there appears to be no doubt that they will easily establish their legal claim to the £40,000 left by their father.

STRAND IN GLOOM.

Restaurant Guests Have to Eat by the Light of Candles.

An extraordinary incident was responsible for the failure of the electric light in the Strand on Saturday evening.

All the places of business were suddenly left in darkness, and candles had to be brought into requisition at the restaurants.

The cause of this strange circumstance was the fusing of the insulations at the power-house, near Cambridge-circus. Just after six a blaze of light burst forth in the power-house, caused by the sudden failure of an "earth."

A man named Henry Scott was overcome by the fumes of the burning rubbish used for insulating purposes, and was found unconscious on the floor, the whole house being filled with stifling smoke. Of course, as soon as the insulation was consumed the current wasted itself, and general darkness was the result.

Scott recovered after being taken to the hospital.

DEWEY'S FLAGSHIP IN THE THAMES.

Admiral Dewey's old flagship, the Olympia, is lying in the Thames. With two other American warships, the Des Moines and the Cleveland, she arrived off Gravesend on Saturday, and will make a stay in English waters of about six weeks.

It was from the quarter-deck of the Olympia that Dewey directed the fight of Manila Bay, which resulted in the destruction of the Spanish fleet on May 1, 1898. Captain Gridley, the Olympia's commander, died at the moment of victory.

The American sailors seemed greatly to enjoy their visit to English shores.

KILLED BY A COLLAPSING WALL.

An alarming wall collapse at Peckham on Saturday evening resulted in the death of Herbert Rindley, a young Civil Service clerk.

The fall in Peckham-road, without warning, suddenly bulged outward and fell on the pathway. Rindley was buried in debris, and other passers-by had narrow escapes. The unfortunate youth died a few minutes after admission to the hospital.

SIR H. IRVING'S FAREWELL TO WALES.

Sir Henry Irving said his good-bye to Cardiff on Saturday night, appearing in a farewell performance at the Theatre Royal.

He had a marvellously enthusiastic reception, being repeatedly recalled and cheered.

Sir Henry bids final farewell to Wales at Swansea.

ROAD THROUGH A HOUSE.

War Waged with Rotten Eggs and Quicklime.

Cornwall is agitated by a Homeric fight for a right-of-way. Extraordinary scenes are reported by our Bodmin correspondent.

A farmer named Mutton has built an outhouse right across a path which the district council has decided is a public right of way.

Mutton is obdurate and refuses to remove the obstruction. Finally the surveyor and three sturdy workmen came on the scene to demolish the structure.

Mutton met them, armed with lumps of lime and rotten eggs. He also carried a number of explosives and a box of matches. As soon as the labourers began their work they were pelted with lime and eggs.

An exciting melee ensued, but finally peace was patched up by a constable. The workmen cut a road right through the outhouse, which was divided into two parts. Mutton harassed the enemy by hiding one of the workmen's axes and wheeling away a trap.

Next day there was more excitement. Two men, one a cripple, and the other the owner of the adjoining property, went through the disputed pathway, and on their way encountered Mr. Mutton, who stoutly resisted the attempt to go through. He caught hold of the cripple and pushed him into a brook which had been purposely dammed across the path. The other man went to his friend's rescue and gave Mutton a severe thrashing.

The case will find its way into the police court to-day.

MR. STEAD KISSES CUPID.

Veteran Journalist Pleased with His First Night at the Theatre.

Mr. W. T. Stead has fulfilled his promise of visiting the theatre for the first time in his busy life of fifty years.

The well-known journalist witnessed, from a front seat in the pit, Mr. Beerboom Tree's production of Shakespeare's "Tempest," at His Majesty's, having taken the precaution of engaging a messenger boy to keep a place for him in the queue outside the pit entrance.

Mr. Stead is reserving his first impressions, and he declined to speak about the play to any interviewer.

All that is known is that he appeared to enjoy the spectacle with the fresh enthusiasm of a boy from school, and that after the performance he went on the stage and kissed Cupid.

LOVE THROUGH THE WALL.

Spanish Edition of the Tale of Pyramus and Thisbe.

Seville has just been the scene of a singular love drama, recalling the classic tale of Pyramus and Thisbe, the Greek couple who made love through a hole in the wall.

A retired lawyer, married to a pretty girl of eighteen, was very jealous. He dreamed one night that his wife was kissing him, and awoke to hear a sound suspiciously like that of a kiss. However, he did not feel her lips on his.

Next night the same thing occurred. The lawyer, suspicious, bought an electric torch, and armed with this feigned sleep. When he heard the sound of kissing he flashed on the light. But youthful spouse was seen with her head thrust through a hole in the wall, which had been concealed behind the husband's portrait. On the other side was a young notary, who occupied the adjoining flat.

THREE HUNDRED FISHERS.

Three hundred competitors are taking part in the Southend angling festival.

From ten o'clock on Saturday they waited patiently for fish to bite. But the fish did not bite, as is the habit of fish, and very small catches were made. Mr. A. Norman and Councillor F. Norman, of Southend, had the heaviest bags.

To-day, the third day of the competition, the mayor and mayors will distribute the prizes, including the 40-guinea championship trophy for the heaviest one-day catch.

EVENTFUL MOTOR NON-STOP RUN.

The 3,600 miles motor non-stop run is taking place under dreadful conditions as to weather and roads.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, who is attempting to beat the world's record on a 15-horse-power Darracq, had a narrow escape at Bolney Hill, on the way to Brighton. The journey was made in a pitch dark night, and in turning a sharp bend Mr. Forbes only escaped by an inch or so from falling down a small precipice.

On Saturday the journey was continued in the face of a blinding hailstorm.

The motor-car reached Edinburgh yesterday, when the run was delayed by tempestuous weather.

END OF A NOBLE LIFE.

Man Who Conquered Disease by Light.

PROF. FINSEN'S GREAT WORK

Professor Niels Finsen, the celebrated discoverer of the light cure for lupus, died at Copenhagen on Saturday, at the early age of forty-three years.

The story of Dr. Finsen's life is one which will live for ever as a history of great achievement under the worst possible conditions.

A man of frail physique, the termination of his eight years of strenuous study to secure the doctorate of medicine at the Copenhagen University left him in a state of ill-health which accompanied him fitfully to the end of his days.

It was this chronic ill-health, in a way, which was to some extent responsible for the turn his work took. Too ill to carry on ordinary practice he settled down to a small professorship in his university, and gave himself over to research.

Finsen's Idea.

The idea with which Finsen commenced his researches in 1890 was that most diseases start from microbes, and that light kills microbes.

Three years' work resulted in a discovery that smallpox could be mitigated by exposing the patient to certain rays of light. The fame which Finsen acquired through this discovery resulted in opportunity being given him to prosecute his studies further, and the result was that in 1898 he had discovered that certain superficial diseases of microbic origin could be cured by light treatment; in that year he cured his first lupus patient.

Now came the most striking incident in his life. In Copenhagen at this time were her Majesty Queen Alexandra and her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia. The Queen, with that sympathy for human suffering which has always characterised her, took the greatest interest in the heroic fight of her former compatriot against this awful disease.

The Queen's Co-operation.

Her interest took the most practical form, and in the same year a Finsen lamp was in operation at the London Hospital.

Many other lamps have since succeeded that given to this noble hospital by this first royal donor. The hospital itself has become a Mecca to which thousands of stricken sufferers turn to find relief. In one capital of Europe after another Finsen lamps were set up, and in Copenhagen itself their inventor gave his whole life to the work of his Institute, which treated sufferers of all nations and gave free treatment to the very poor. Asking nothing for his priceless invention, Finsen settled down to his work on the pittance of £300 a year.

His last years of life were a mixture of richly merited honours and inexorable ill-health. The Nobel Prize was awarded to him in 1903 amidst the approving acclamations of the whole world.

RUNAWAY PORCUPINE.

Bores Its Way Out of the Paddock at the Zoo.

The Zoo porcupines have taken full advantage of the "natural conditions" instituted for their comfort, in the shape of a paddock-run beside the new ape house.

Five of them gnawed the trees and did all the damage they could. One of them succeeded in tunnelling under the railings, through the gravel path, and up into the light of day and the bliss of liberty.

A keeper passing along the walks that night suddenly imagined that he had stepped into a furze bush, but found it was the occupied porcupine, which had rubbed itself against his legs after the friendly and engaging manner of a domestic tabby.

Repulsing the animal's advances with an abruptness that amounted to discourtesy, the keeper herded the truant porcupine back home among its mates.

LONDON ALDERSHOT.

London now has an Aldershot at its very gates. On Saturday a further draft of troops arrived at the new barracks at Mill Hill, near Finchley, where the War Office has spent £250,000 on new barracks to accommodate at least five thousand troops.

In a few years this will be one of the most important military stations in the country. The barracks will probably be named after King Edward.

LIFE FOR FOSSILS.

While collecting fossils near Bridlington on Saturday, two boys, named A. G. Allen and Jack Broadhead, were killed by a fall of cliff. Their bodies were fearfully mangled.

Allen was the son of the Rev. Mr. Allen, of Yarmouth, and the other lad was the son of a solicitor of Beverley.

CELLAR SIBYL.

Shilling Fortunes Told in the Basement.

DETECTIVE AS "DARK MAN."

Curious to learn what was the particular attraction which drew so many well-dressed women as well as factory girls and servant-maids to a room in the basement of 87, Gray's Inn-road, Detective-sergeant Baxter deputised Caroline Reader to pay a visit of investigation.

Her report led eventually to the detective going to 87, Gray's Inn-road in person, and arresting Harriet Ann Laming on a charge of breaking the law by professing to tell fortunes. At Bow-street on Saturday Miss Reader recounted to the magistrate what she and her sister, Mabel, who accompanied her, saw and heard in the basement.

Describing the first visit, she said that round a table, on which lay some playing cards, sat the prisoner, two girls, and an elderly woman, who was having her fortune told.

Ominous Advice.

This client, in answer to questions, said her husband had been in hospital for seven weeks. "Then," replied Laming ominously, "get your mourning ready."

At this the elderly woman nodded to one of the girls, and was subsequently told that she would have to talk to a fair man, whether she wanted to or not. "Why, this is the doctor," was her comment. The cards were shuffled, and one of the girls took her turn. She was led to admit that a ring had been offered her by a "second young man." She had no intention of marrying him. "Don't tell me that. I know you are pulling together," said Laming, and warned her to beware of a dark woman.

At this stage Miss Reader was requested to call the next day. She was enjoined to "give three knocks on the glass in the pavement and one knock on the door." As for the fee, Laming said she got all she could, but never took less than sixpence or a shilling.

Dark and Fair Government Men.

So the Misses Caroline and Mabel Reader called the next day and sat down before a pack of twenty-five cards, which the former was asked to "cut." Miss Mabel Reader was first told she would meet a dark man with hazel eyes, but when the king of hearts turned up, Laming exclaimed, "Ah! There's a fair man in it. Do you know any fair man under the Government?" The lady replied "Yes."

Miss Caroline Reader, in her turn, was asked whether she knew a dark man in the Government service. She said she did, and was told that a dark woman would come between them. There was also to be a journey with a fair man, and benefit from the death of a dark and elderly person. Two girls and a woman then entered the room, and in an aside with one of them Miss Reader was informed that Laming told everyone the same thing. Before leaving, the two sisters each gave the woman a shilling.

The Detective Proves To Be "Dark."

A third visit was paid last Friday night, when Laming, sitting in bed, with a tray and cards before her, told their fortunes. Then detective-sergeant Baxter broke in upon the scene. It is conjectured that he is "the dark man in Government employ," as he answers to the description.

The magistrate remanded Laming, who gives her age as sixty-two, and describes herself as a "dressmaker." She protested that she made no charge to the Misses Reader, but only took what was given her.

WOUNDED PRIDE.

Love-sick Girl Seeks Death by Leaping from a Second Floor Window.

Her pride wounded because her father had told her that he disapproved of her lover, Lillie Wright, aged twenty, made a determined attempt at suicide.

A policeman saw her standing on the sill of a window on the second floor of a house in Adelaide-road, Hampstead.

He called to her to "stand back" but she threw herself into the street, and fractured her leg. The girl would probably have been killed had not the policeman broken her fall.

The girl, who appeared before Mr. Curtis Bennett on Saturday on crutches, was discharged on her father's recognisances.

MAGISTRATE'S DEFECTIVE MEMORY.

Attributing continuous rheumatism to vaccination in his youth, a man applied to Mr. Francis at Lambeth on Saturday for an exemption certificate for his child, and reminded the magistrate that he had granted him a certificate for a previous child. Mr. Francis said he must have told him something better than this, but the man persisted, and got the certificate.

"BEWITCHED" CHILD.

Astounding Case of Belief in Witchcraft.

An amazing instance of a woman's belief in witchcraft came to light at Scarborough on Saturday.

An inquest was being held on a seventeen months old child, and the mother was asked to account for its emaciated condition. In reply, she said she thought the child was bewitched.

Closely questioned by the coroner, she held to her statement, and said a next door neighbour bewitched the child by boiling eggs and mashing them. She was sure the child was bewitched, as it had never done any good since the neighbour announced her intention of bewitching it. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical testimony, that death was the result of rickets due to improper feeding.

The coroner remarked that it seemed to him extraordinary that the mother should have such absurd ideas, and it was a question whether she was a proper person to have the care of children.

"LIFE-SAVING" CRANK.

Extraordinary Communication Addressed to the Police.

Cranks who write letters to the police form one of the commonest species of their genus.

At an inquest on Saturday on the body of a newly-born child, found dead in Hackney Churchyard, the coroner read a communication which had been addressed to the "Chief of Police, nearest Mare-street, Hackney Churchyard."

The writer drew attention to an account in a foreign newspaper of a strangled dog being brought to life after being dead for eight hours, and suggested an experiment on the dead child. There is an account, too, he added, of the successful bringing to life of cats, dogs, bees, and fish. A powder, which followed the preparation of a "life-saving" powder, with which the subjects, after being placed on a warm plate, were to be covered.

A police inspector referred to the letter as merely a sample of the strange communications which they receive.

"BLUE PAPER" BATTERIES.

Discretion the Better Part of Valour at the Riverside "Port Arthur."

Active hostilities at the Sunbury-on-Thames "Port Arthur" have practically ceased. By issuing writs with the object of bringing the matter into the High Courts the defenders in the right-of-way dispute have obviously out-manoeuvred the attackers.

On the occasion of the only assault attempted during the week-end on the stout barricade which now protects the coveted strip of ground beside the river, the police suggested that the attackers would be acting more discreetly if they returned home and read their "bits of blue paper."

The advice was accepted, and the little company which had come armed with hammers and chisels retired.

This evening the Sunbury-on-Thames Urban District Council will again discuss the matter of the right-of-way dispute.

ILL-STARRED GENIUS.

Man of Many Inventions Passes His Old Age in Poverty.

Although Mr. Stephen Kemp, of Brixton, has invented many things which, he asserts, should have brought him fame and fortune, nothing but failure has attended all his efforts to turn them into money, and he and his aged wife are now compelled to accept poor-law relief.

One of his latest creations is a bottle which, when once emptied of liquid, can never be refilled—an idea which has baffled hundreds of clever men, and for which brewers and distillers are said to be in constant need.

Among Mr. Kemp's other inventions are a combined tricycle and road sculler, bicycle skates, and a rotary hairbrush. He spent £2,000 on an apparatus which he claimed would double the catches of deep-sea trawlers, but prejudice on the part of the fishermen killed the success of the invention.

All the products of his fertile brain have failed to win money for him, and even his non-refillable bottle, which he invented four years ago, when distress nearly drove him to suicide, has not been taken up by the men who are said to want it.

STOLE WHILE THE LIONS FED.

Twelve months' imprisonment was ordered James Adolph Behrens at Marylebone on Saturday for stealing £295 in notes from the room of Her Prinz while the tamer was feeding his lions at the Metropolitan Music Hall.

Behrens has the prospect on release of being arrested by the German police on another charge.

HANDICAP OF MARRIAGE.

Problem of Dealing with a Lazy Husband.

A woman with a lazy husband asked Mr. Bros at North London on Saturday how she could get rid of the drone in the hive.

The man would not work, and she had to let lodgings to keep out of the workhouse.

Mr. Bros said that he could not grant a separation until she had left the house, and the applicant retorted that obviously if she did that she parted with her living.

The Applicant: Can I shut him out?—You can tell him that he must find other lodgings.

The Applicant: I have told him that, but he only laughs. Can I refuse to supply him with food?—Yes, if your lodgers are willing to support you they may move to another house with you. Then you might get a separation. At present I cannot help you.

At the South-Western Court an able-bodied-looking man named Alfred Betts, who for five years had made no attempt to get regular work, but remained lazily in bed till late in the morning, when he went out to the public-house, was sent to prison for three months for neglecting his wife and children.

Mr. Lane said it had never been his ill-luck to come across a more unnatural, callous, or selfish father.

DOCTOR'S STRATEGY.

How a Dangerous Lunatic Was Taken Out of Harm's Way.

A woman complained to the East London Coroner on Saturday of the way her husband was taken away from her and shut up as a lunatic in the workhouse, where he died.

The woman, Mrs. Hedges, of Ida-road, Poplar, said her husband, who was a barman, was taken out for a walk by a Dr. Skelly, introduced to three policemen, and finally landed in the workhouse.

Dr. Skelly said the man was dangerous, and described an extraordinary delusion from which Fedges had suffered.

Hedges told him that he had been given a £10 note by a man for some ale, that he took the note to the bank to see if it were genuine, and a friend of the stranger had threatened him with a revolver and dagger.

The jury thought that Dr. Skelly's conduct was justified, and returned a verdict of Death from Heart Failure.

TORE UP THE WEDDING DRESS.

Singular Feature of a Disappointed Sweetheart's Plan of Revenge.

The man who brutally attacked Mrs. Consterline and her daughter, Mrs. Glover, at Manchester, has not yet been arrested.

A peculiar feature of the crime, which is supposed to have been due to disappointed love, is reported. The assailant had been a sweetheart of Mrs. Glover's, who was married only recently.

After stabbing both women, he went into Mrs. Glover's room, smashed her watch, and tore her wedding-dress into shreds. Both women are making satisfactory progress.

A York telegram says a man named Chippendale, whose appearance corresponded with that of the author of the Manchester outrage, has committed suicide there. After drinking some spirits of salts he threw himself into the river. He was rescued, but died on Saturday afternoon.

VAGABOND TYPES.

Methods by Which Professional Beggars Elicit Sympathy.

During the past few months hundreds of professional beggars have been cleared off the streets by the police, and seven more were brought before Mr. Denman at Marlborough-street Police Court on Saturday.

Many of these vagabonds are interesting types. Some have flowing hair, which they keep in good order, excusing pity by their poor but artistic appearance. Others wear coats that have evidently been cut and torn purposely, and from which all buttons have been removed, hairpins and pieces of wire or string forming the fastenings.

The seven charged on Saturday described themselves as labourers, warehousemen, a bill distributor, and a coach painter, and were found near the theatres and cabs asking ladies and gentlemen leaving for money. Three bore the name of Jones.

Mr. Denman discharged two, and the others were sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from one day (as a caution) to twenty-one days.

The officer who died suddenly at the Savoy Hotel was Captain Charles Pigott Harvey, of the 3rd Militia Northampton Regiment, not Captain R. P. Harvey, of the 2nd Berks, as erroneously stated.

LOST LADY TRACED.

Clue Obtained Through a "Mirror" Portrait.

VANISHED UNDERGRADUATE.

At last news has been heard of Mrs. Mary Anne Hampton, who disappeared from her home in Peckham on the morning of September 6.

By the aid of the *Daily Mirror* she has been traced to Yarmouth. Unfortunately it was not till the missing lady had left that town that those who could have restored her to her distressed family realised the circumstances.

On Friday last Mrs. Parker, a lodging-house keeper, of Yarmouth, read in the *Mirror* of the disappearance of Mrs. Hampton, and recognised in the accompanying picture a lady who had stayed with her a few years ago, had called on her early in the summer, and as recently as the 16th of this month had again visited her and stayed until the 19th inst.

Landlady's Story.

Mrs. Parker at once wired to Mr. Hampton informing him of his wife's visit to Yarmouth, and telling him that when she left on the 19th she had stated that she would return home by one of the Belle steamers. Mr. Parker, with his daughter, immediately set out for Yarmouth. The last Belle boat of the season left Yarmouth on the 19th, but though Mr. Hampton has made close inquiries among the company's officials he has been unable to find any trace of his wife.

On Saturday Mr. Hampton, who has been continuing the search in Yarmouth, wired to his home in Peckham that he had heard some news and would be back to-day.

It is now believed that, in addition to the four or five pounds which Mrs. Hampton had in her possession at the time she left Peckham, she may have taken an additional fifty pounds.

If, as is thought likely, Mrs. Hampton has made her way to Scarborough, a seaside resort with which she was familiar, the photograph which appeared in Friday's *Mirror* may this time lead to her restoration to her family.

Disappeared from His Home.

Anxious inquiries are being made as to the whereabouts of a young man named Arthur Norris, son of Mr. Sidney Norris, one of H.M. inspectors of schools, residing at Bath.

Young Norris left his home on Tuesday last, and nothing has been heard of him since.

He was a pupil of great promise, and had a fine record at King Edward's School, Bath, where he began his education.

In 1901 he occupied the third position in all England in the Oxford Senior Local Examinations, and proceeded to Hertford College with scholarships amounting to £100 a year. It is stated that he has been studying hard during the vacation.

"NEVER FORSAKE THEM."

Pathetic Letter Written by a Mother Before Committing Suicide.

Returning from his early morning milk round, on Saturday, William Corbett, a dairyman, of Clyde-road, Tottenham, made the tragic discovery that during his absence his wife had committed suicide by drinking oxalic acid, used for cleaning the brass of the churns.

On the dressing-table in her bedroom she left a pathetic letter, in which she wrote:—

I am greatly altered towards you, for which I am sorry. I always did try to do my best, but this last few months I feel as if I shall never be the same again. You will be able to go ahead in your business, and have someone fresh. Don't neglect the children, never forsake them, especially the two babies. Be good boys to Daddy. Goodbye.

DO YOU WANT A MINIATURE?

For the small sum of 2s. 11d. (postage 2d. extra) the *Daily Mirror* will supply you with a beautiful portrait miniature, exquisitely finished in the best style, and packed in a silk and velvet-lined case.

Photographs should be sent to the Miniature Department of the *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carnarvon-street, along with the fee, and the photograph will be returned with the miniature.

It is only possible to supply these miniatures at this low price because they are being sold to advertise the *Daily Mirror*.

Old Soaps

Nobody wants the old soaps after using Fels-Naptha once. But go by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E C

NEWS IN BRIEF FROM TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Mr. Arnold-Forster will be present at the Sheffield Cutlers' feast on October 6.

After being closed during the long vacation, the Temple Church will be reopened for service on Sunday morning next.

Lady Ileen Campbell has unveiled at Tarbert, Loch Fyne, a memorial to Angus Campbell, who, while twenty-five years captain on the Western Highland steamers, never had an accident.

INTEMPERATE TEA.

Tea is held by "Good Health" to be not, strictly speaking, a temperance drink. It is not taken as a food nor as an innocent relish to food, but for its fascinating effects on the nervous system.

QUINTUPLED RATES.

Scarborough Guardians are in despair over the alarming increase in the county rate. Four years ago they only paid £1,151, while last year this amount had increased to £5,880. A resolution was passed urging the County Council to exercise more economy.

WELL-SPENT HOLIDAY.

On returning to his pastorate at Riscoe the Rev. T. Kirby has informed his congregation how he spent his holiday at Llanrwst Wells. He has heard fifteen sermons, five speeches, and two lectures, and deplored the paucity of lectures, but explained there were no more given.

"DOUBTFUL SIX HUNDRED."

That 3,000 lodger claims should appear in the Limerick voters' list seemed so remarkable that Judge Adams has concluded the matter is one for grave inquiry. Of six hundred claims in the Dock Ward only six could be substantiated.

HEALTH EXHIBITION.

In the very centre of one particular district of London affected by the leading members of the medical profession, in Devonshire-street, Harley-street, is to be opened a permanent Health Exhibition.

Admission is to be free, and the public will be able to inspect all the latest hygienic appliances for the kitchen, the nursery, and the home.

"TALLY-HO" GASWORKS.

Clacton Gasworks might be the scene of the opening meet of the Essex foxhounds. In the flue of one of the retorts a fine fox has made on earth and successfully eluded all attempts to trap him.

He has become a pet of the men, and regularly comes down to the bottom of the flue at meal times.

VALUE OF FRUIT.

A Spalding fruit grower recently dispatched a quantity of Keswick apples to two different markets—Leicester and Sheffield.

Both lots were sold on the same day, but there was a very remarkable difference in the prices realised. The apples dispatched to Leicester brought home 2s. per ton, and for those sent to Sheffield the return was £4 10s. per ton.

NO EDUCATION RATE.

Reddish inhabitants are having all their children educated at the expense of Stockport. When his town was incorporated with Stockport, it was made a condition it should have a fixed rate for ten years.

Since then the Education Act has been passed, but not a penny extra can be levied in Reddish, and Stockport, in despair, intends to ask Parliament to make Reddish pay for its education.

NEW LONG FIRE-LADDERS.

London is at last to have added to the appliances of the Fire Brigade a long ladder, fitted by the American system on a turn-table.

This will enable it to be moved in any direction, and by an automatic arrangement a jet of water can be forced into an upper window unapproachable by firemen.

The costs of these ladders is from £600 to £700 each.

ADVANTAGE OF THE WRITTEN WORD.

Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P., has circulated among his Greenwich constituents the first of a series of letters on the fiscal question.

He states that this course, although unusual, has the advantage over addressing a public meeting in that a wider audience will be reached, also that "it is written in calmness, not spoken in excitement, and that it is therefore the less likely to mislead or to irritate."

CHURCHWARDENS' DUTIES.

As an explanation of his bankruptcy, the Rev. Grant William MacDonald, vicar of St. John the Baptist, Spalding, said he had paid heavy sums for church expenses.

It was explained to him by the Official Receiver that it was the duty of the churchwardens to provide church expenses, not the vicar. The debtor said that might be so in theory, but he had never been able to induce churchwardens to undertake office on those conditions.

Hornsey is trying to raise £4,000 to establish a borough cottage hospital.

The King has accepted a chair made from wood once forming part of old Kew Bridge.

For ten days there has been no fresh case of smallpox notified in London. Five patients only remain at Joyce Green Hospital.

Several of the large cactus plants in the Hampton Court Gardens have been damaged by hooligan visitors cutting their initials in the leaves.

The miners' representatives of the Lothians have decided to consult the districts in regard to a proposal to have a Labour candidate for Mid-Lothian at the next election.

"SOLDIER OF FRANCE."

Disorderly conduct is entirely reprehensible by a man in his own country and among friends, it is decidedly dangerous in a foreign country and among strangers.

At the Llangollen Police Court was brought up, Jacques Durand, attired in French peasant costume. He had been found outside the town unable to move.

Swearing volubly in broken English, he said he was a soldier of France, tramping from Liverpool to Swansea.

The Magistrate: To get drunk was hardly the best way to get there.

Durand: I met the Celt, and he gave me of the beer of the country. It is not like the beautiful wine of France, and it make me helpless.

The Magistrate: Seven days' hard labour. Durand: Mon Dieu, mon Dieu.

PRISONER'S THOUGHT OF HIS DOG.

Eccentricity has always been accepted as a leading feature of the "doggie" man, but the rules of the Kennel Club never anticipated that a dog exhibitor would desire to date his entries in a dog show from one of his Majesty's prisons.

With a tender regard to the feelings of dog-owners the committee weakly shirked the main question as to whether such entries would be accepted by the paltry evasion "that such person could not exhibit, as being in gaol he could not sign the entry form."

It is suggested by the "Field" that dog exhibitors should be suspended while in prison.

NEW TYPE OF COUNTENANCE.

With the entry of women into professional and business careers a new type of countenance has evolved—the deadly-in-earnest type (says a writer in the "Boudoir").

The professional and business woman of to-day is more a votary of Bellona than of any of the deities; she is always fighting something or somebody; by preference one of the inferior sex. So the once soft curves of the mouth are giving place to stern, determined lines; and gentleness of expression will soon be as rare as the dodo.

SCHOOLS IN ENGLAND.

In view of the importance given the education question, a return has been made of the schools of England belonging to the different religious denominations.

Last year the Church of England possessed 11,713 schools, with accommodation for 2,826,755 scholars; the Wesleyans 448 schools and accommodation for 178,052; the Roman Catholics 1,062 schools for 405,535, and there were 1,030 un denominational schools, with accommodation for 315,516 scholars.

SLEPT IN THE PULPIT.

Before proceeding to the business that had brought him to Broadheath Wesleyan Chapel, near Manchester, Arthur Desmonde, alias Holt, decided to enjoy quiet repose, by collecting cushions from the seats and heaping them in the pulpit.

Afterwards, he made a parcel of two bottles of wine, two silver plates, two silver cups, and a silver jug, the bulkiness of which aroused the suspicions of a constable, and led to his being charged and remanded at the Altrincham Police Court.

SUCCESSFUL STAG-HUNTING.

All previous records have been passed in the performance of the Devon and Somerset stag-hounds during the season just closed.

The farmers having complained of the large number of deer on the moors, stags have been pressed at a tremendous pace from the time they were roused to the finish.

As a consequence during their twenty-eight hunting expeditions twenty-nine stags were brought to bay and taken.

WALKED 26 MILES TO BE FINED.

Summoning a neighbour in some parts of Lincolnshire has an added terror to poor pedestrians.

Brought before the Holbeach magistrates for using unparliamentary language, a woman stated she had walked thirteen miles to appear.

After paying her shilling fine she started out on her long walk home.

£311,000 IN TRAM FARES.

The increase in the receipts on the L.C.C. tramway system continues to be maintained.

For the week ending September 17 the receipts were £313,900 17s. 2d., an increase of £3,492 19s. 10d. on last year.

The aggregate receipts for the 170 days of the year amounted to £311,866 1s. 7d.

As a result of a poll by the inhabitants, Dover municipal trams will not run on Sundays.

Mr. Justice Walton completed his fifty-ninth year yesterday, having been born on September 25, 1845.

Edmonton Education Committee have purchased footballs for the use of the school children.

Fifteen members of the Stock Exchange beat fifteen clerks by 35 points at a rifle match at Bisleigh. The scores were 1,273 and 1,238.

Lord Kinnaird will preside at the festival dinner of the National Association of Grocers' Assistants to be held at the Holborn Restaurant on Thursday, November 10.

Newington Butts Rovers House, which has accommodation for 1,015 men, had to refuse applicants for beds both on Saturday and yesterday, being full up.

NOT TOO OLD AT 60.

At Newcastle on Saturday a juror claimed exemption on the ground that he was sixty years of age.

Mr. R. Welford, the chairman, in refusing the request grimly remarked he had tried that himself without success.

CONSERVING EPPING FOREST.

As the authority for the Epping New Road, the Essex County Council have declined to allow the erection of telegraph poles.

They state every effort will be made to prevent any interference with the natural beauty of the forest.

SNEEZING DANGER ZONE.

People who sneeze should, as a necessary sanitary precaution, be isolated at least forty feet.

The annual report of the Local Government Board states that there is a grave danger of influenza infection to anyone being within forty feet of a person sneezing.

END OF A SUCCESSFUL SOCIETY.

The 12th Bow and Bromley Building Society has just come to a successful termination.

The directors have paid out to the shareholders £50 upon each investing share, and handed back, free from any further liability, the title deeds mortgaged by the members. The total amount represented in value £29,150.

ENGLAND'S PAUPER ARMY.

In England and Wales, by a return issued on Saturday, the number of paupers in receipt of relief is 738,407, as against 700,553 last year.

These figures do not include lunatics in county and borough asylums, registered hospitals, and licensed houses, vagrants, and patients in the fever and small-pox hospitals.

IF GOLF, WHY NOT HOCKEY?

Sunday is a day for reasonable recreation in the opinion of the Kingston Hill Hockey Club.

It has been decided by a large majority of the members to play on Sunday afternoons, and a suggestion that members must on Sundays dress in the pavilion to avoid going through the streets in costume found no second.

DICK BURGE, STONEMASON.

Dick Burge, the famous light-weight boxer, who was sentenced to penal servitude with Goudie in the Liverpool Bank cheque case, is at Portland.

He is employed as a stonemason, and has just finished, with another convict, some work in St. Peter's Church, which adjoins the prison.

In the same building is to be seen the mosaic work done by Constance Kent, of the Road, Somerset, murder mystery.

UTILISING THE FRONT ROOM.

That so few people live in their front rooms has been the cause of considerable wonderment among social reformers.

The Swindon Educational Committee has tackled the question by establishing a centre for instruction in household management, where housewives will be taught how to make the best advantage of modern dwellings and properly utilise the front room, now empty and unoccupied except on special occasions.

WANTED TO SEE THE FLEET.

A fortnight ago George Cook, of North Shields, tried to commit suicide by tying himself up with twine and then throwing himself into the Tyne.

On Saturday he was glad he had not succeeded, having succumbed to the attractions of the Channel Fleet.

He was before the magistrates, and anxiously pleaded for his liberty that he might see the fleet this week, and the Bench let him go with a caution.

GOLD COAST BISHOP.

The Ven. Temple Hamlyn, M.A., has just returned to England from Lagos, and will, on October 28, be consecrated at St. Paul's Cathedral by the Archbishop of Canterbury as Suffragan Bishop to Bishop Tutwell, to take charge of the Gold Coast.

He is a Devonian, and was born at Totnes, and has three clergymen brothers. They are lineal descendants of the late Viscount Rev. John Ireland, Dean of Westminster, 1816-1842.

NO MORE SPECTACLES.

London] Surgeon's Marvellous Cures of Eye Defects.

In these days when medical science notes the annual increase of sufferers from defective eyesight Dr. Stephen Smith, the ophthalmic surgeon at the Anti-Visitation Hospital, Battersea, announces that, if he cannot cure all the ills the eye is heir to, he can yet make people who require glasses see better, or as well, without them.

With a number of cured and partially-cured patients he gave a demonstration before members of the medical profession and the Press on Saturday.

The process is a "manipulation of the eye, the method varying with the affection."

Some of the patients who have been cured told a *Mirror* representative that the treatment is quite painless.

They were operated on for a few minutes daily. Some were cured in a week, others took a longer time.

No Explanation Yet.

Dr. Smith, who prefers at present not to explain the operation, confesses to one complete failure in thirty cases treated by him.

One person, who had suffered from short sight combined with astigmatism (distorted vision), is now, after a month's treatment, almost able to dispense with glasses.

Others who, a week ago, were unable to do anything without wearing spectacles have already put away their glasses, probably for ever.

After the demonstration Dr. Smith remarked: "If anyone had said to me a year ago that I should one day cease to order spectacles for myopia (short-sightedness) and astigmatism I should have laughed at the idea."

The surgical cures seemed almost miraculous. He believes that, through his treatment, men hitherto debarrained from entering the Army would be able to pass the sight examinations.

LAST OF STAMFORD BRIDGE.

L.A.C. Say Goodbye with a Magnificent Meeting—Records Equalled.

After a tenancy extending over nearly twenty-seven years the London Athletic Club has been compelled to leave its famous ground at Stamford Bridge. As a species of farewell ceremony a brilliant programme was arranged for Saturday, and though Shrubbs failed in his attempt on W. G. George's long-standing ten miles record one record was equalled and another beaten. The final meeting at Stamford Bridge will, therefore, be memorable in more ways than one.

Shrubbs' Trial.

Alfred Shrubbs very easily won the ten miles handicap, but his time was 38 4-5 sec. outside record. J. W. Morton was more successful in the 120 yards handicap. He did not eclipse the "best," of 11 4-5 sec., but he equalled it. W. P. Phillips, C. A. Bradley, A. R. Downer, and A. F. Duffley, have all run the distance in this time, so that the name of J. W. Morton will be added to this list of world-famous sprinters as a joint holder.

The relay race between the L.A.C. and the Rest of England, in which the eight men on each side ran a furlong apiece, brought out every amateur sprinter of note in one or the other team. The finish was thrilling. J. W. Morton, who started last for the "Rest" had to gain fifteen yards on Comrie. Four yards from home he was a yard to the bad. Then Comrie fell, and the "Rest" had won the race in the record time of 3min. 8sec.

Another excellent performance in a day of wonderful running was that of C. H. Jupp, the 220 yards champion. He won the 300 yards handicap in 31 4-5 sec., only 2-5 sec. outside record.

GHETTO CAMPS OUT.

London Jews Celebrate the Feast of Tabernacles.

The Jewish "Feast of Tabernacles" began on Saturday, when the orthodox betook themselves to "succahs," huts made in their gardens of leafy boughs, in obedience to the command: "Ye shall dwell in booths seven days."

Outside some of the London synagogues "succahs" are now to be seen, many being very tastefully adorned with various greens and fruits by fair Jewesses.

The "succahs" must not contain boards, or cloth, or skins in its structure, and the roof must be partially open to sun, moon, rain, and wind.

The Feast commemorates the forty years' wandering in the desert, and it declares to the Children of Israel the efficacy of Divine protection.

During the Feast branches of palm, willow, and myrtle, bound together and surmounted by beautiful citrons, are carried in procession in the synagogues, while the people chant "Hosanna."

During the past week enormous numbers of citrons have been sold in the East End. The reason is also that of the "Ingathering," the Jewish Harvest Festival.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at—
2, CARMELITE STREET, LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

Owing to pressure on our space several columns of advertisements are unavoidably crowded out of to-day's issue.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1904.

A TRIUMPH OF GOOD MANAGEMENT.

THE *Daily Mirror* Gala Day at the Crystal Palace was a huge success—an event unparalleled in the history of entertainments. It is probable that since the world began no entertainment has ever been attended by so many persons.

The number of *Daily Mirror* readers who went to the Palace was 176,059, of these 124,059 passed through the turnstiles. The balance were admitted in other ways, merely because there weren't enough turnstiles. As it was the turnstiles passed 10,000 more persons than ever went through them before during a single day.

More persons were in the Palace grounds on Saturday than the population of Brighton, counting every man, woman, and child. In fact there were 42,371 more persons at the Palace than reside in the whole of Brighton.

The Crystal Palace population on Saturday was twice as great as that of Coventry, Devonport, Grimsby, Hanley, Hastings, Hornsey, Ipswich, Merthyr Tydfil, Reading, York, or Leigh.

It was equal to the combined populations of Cork, Limerick, Waterford, and Londonderry.

We have been deluged with congratulations on the *Daily Mirror* Gala Day, the triumph of which has amazed not only the public, but professional caterers to its amusements. These did not believe that such a result could be achieved.

Nor could it have been achieved had it not been for the enthusiastic and brainy co-operation of many men and interests. The manager of the Crystal Palace, Mr. J. H. Cozens, and Mr. Thomas Carr, the chief engineer, and their staffs did splendid service. Mr. Joseph Lyons, the caterer, and Mr. C. T. Brock, of the great firework firm, also contributed immensely to the comfort and delight of the *Mirror's* guests.

But the best efforts of all these able gentlemen would not have counted for so much if the most elaborate arrangements had not been made by the railways to take the huge crowds to the Palace and home again.

Our thanks and congratulations are extended to Mr. Vincent Hill, the general manager of the Chatham and South-Eastern Railway, which whisked our guests to the Palace and back again with almost magic rapidity. Equal praise is also due to Mr. William Forbes, the general manager of the Brighton line, who made such successful plans for the rapid transportation of the "Mirrorites."

The Gala Day was in fact a triumph of management. Splendid service was rendered by the police. They had no disorder to cope with. Their task was simply to direct and help the multitude which, in addition to being the largest, was the most orderly that ever assembled.

There were no accidents—nothing to mar the day's pleasure—not an incident to diminish the satisfaction felt by everyone concerned in the entertainment, spectators, performers, and managers alike.

To all those who assisted in the management of the colossal gathering, which will mark for many years a red-letter day in the recollection of those who were present, the *Daily Mirror* offers its grateful thanks and congratulations.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Heed not the folk who sing or say
In sonnet sad or sermon chime,
"Alas, alack, and well-a-day,
This round world's but a bitter pill."

Poor porcupines of fretful quill!
Sometimes we quarrel with our lot;
We, too, are sad and careful; still
We'd rather be alive than not.

—Graham R. Tomson.

HOW RUSSIA SEES THE MONROE DOCTRINE.



UNCLE SAM: I shall smash every window in your house if I like, but don't you come near mine.—("Novoye Vremya," St. Petersburg.)

READERS' LETTER-BOX.

Broken Engagements.

If there are many men minded like "Twice Tilted," woman will begin to ask if man has any sense of humour. Did both those fickle ladies ruin his life, or only one? If so, which? Let him persevere. The third time is always successful.

Two WHO LOOK ON.

Broad-street, E.C.

My friendly antagonist, George R. Robeson, seems to have entirely missed the last part of my letter, wherein lies the evil of this question.

If the man of to-day would only learn more of the lady's disposition (which, in my opinion, is fairly easy) before becoming engaged, I feel sure we should not hear of so many engagements broken at the eleventh hour. As it is he is often "introduced to-day, betrothed to-morrow, and married the day after."

Happily, financial circumstances will not permit of this in lower stations of life. H. C. WHITE.
51, Candahar-road, S.W.

The Bachelor's Lament.

Women have little idea how many men are only too anxious to get married, but unable to do so. This is my own case, as compared with that of my father.

I am managing a place of business, and must remain single to retain my situation.

When my father held the same position he was told to get married by his employers.

His salary was nearly double mine for doing the same work.

At my age he had saved several hundred pounds out of his salary. It is as much as I can do to keep out of debt, take a short annual holiday, and provide for illness or being out of work.

If he took my mother out it did not cost him a week's earnings. Girls did not have such big ideas then. Now girls take themselves to theatres and places of amusement; so, when they go with a man, they expect him to go one better, whether he can afford it or not.

I would willingly give up the so-called joys of bachelor life, but how can I get married? The fault is more that of the modern girl than the modern employer. UNWILLING BACHELOR.
West Norwood.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. George Meredith.

HE has found the cure for the troubles of marriage, or at least he has pointed out the path along which matrimonial revolution is to march. "Temporary marriages," he says, are the cure for the difficulties of matrimony.

Some people say that this veteran author and social revolutionary is the handsomest man in England. They have every excuse for saying so. His head is magnificently shaped; his complexion is one of which a woman might be proud; his hair and beard are silver-grey, and his eye is still as bright as that of a boy, in spite of his eighty-six years.

Age has not touched his brain. It still works as actively as in the days when he wrote his first romances, romances which the world would not receive, but which they have now learned to understand and appreciate.

It is to his body that old age has confined its attacks. As he says himself: "Some men first give way in their heads; I have given way in my legs." He is no longer able to take the great country walks which he loves.

Now the firm step has changed to an old man's shuffle, and the straight back has the student's forward stoop.

As a result of his early fight against a world which would not recognise him, and as a result, too, of a life spent much alone, he has acquired a certain aloofness. His manner seems to be one of gracious condescension.

It is really only a mannerism, for he is kindness itself. Many a young man has received a helping hand from the great novelist and poet.

He would call himself a poet and novelist though, for he rates his verse far above his prose.

Kind and considerate as he is he has still plenty of his old fire left, and as he has an old man's love of his own way it is not wise to disagree with him, for when his voice looses the carefully acquired modulation it is harsh and cutting, and his words can sting like whips.

"Mother thinks you'll make me a good wife," said the girl's intended.

"Indeed?" replied the girl with the determined jaw. "You tell your mother I'll make you a good husband."—Philadelphia Ledger.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

We make no apology for directing the attention of readers of the "Daily Mirror" to the remarkable serial story, entitled "Till the Dead Speak," which appears to-day on page 11.

The first instalment of this thrilling story appeared on Saturday, but a comprehensive summary of the opening incidents which is given to-day will enable new readers to follow this most startling work of fiction as from the beginning.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THERE is nothing like saying exactly what you mean, and Mr. Grant Lawson, M.P., has been following out the maxim with his usual directness, for he has been stating quite simply that he is retiring from Parliament because he cannot afford that luxury. He is a very good example of the force of heredity. He is descended from the two brothers who were the originals of Dickens's "Cheerful Brothers," the two kind, jolly, and charitable old fellows who were so good to "Nicholas Nickleby," and he might be one of them himself. Chubby of form and cheery of disposition, content and good nature are stamped on every line of his strong north-country face.

* * *

He started making a noise very early in life, for when quite a small boy he played the triangle in the school band at Harrow. He was afterwards promoted to the big drum, and to this day maintains that he made more noise in the world then than he has ever done since. At present he is Parliamentary secretary to the Local Government Board.

A SOLDIER M.P.

Yesterday was the birthday of Lord Lintilhgow, the day before was the birthday of his son and heir; to-day is the birthday of Captain Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, who was military secretary to Lord Lintilhgow, then Lord Hopetoun, in Australia. No one who knows anything of military history would call Captain Acland-Hood a carpet soldier. As captain of the Grenadiers he led that splendid charge at Tel-el-Kebir, which is alone sufficient to stamp him as a daring soldier. He is modest about it, however, and describes himself, with that one exception, as the hero of a hundred sham fights.

* * *

In appearance he is the typical Guardsman from a popular novel by a feminine pen. "Tally, handsome, with a heavy, fair moustache and an aristocratic drawl, he might have stepped from a page of Ouida. But his appearance is as deceptive of his real character as his drawl is of his powers as a speaker when he rises in the House of Commons. As a matter of fact he is an energetic, capable worker, which accounts for his position of chief Conservative Whip.

* * *

The playgoer has become so accustomed to the idea of Mr. Frederick Harrison and Mr. Cyril Maude being in partnership that it will take him quite a long time to get used to the fact that they have parted. In the whole of their combined careers they have produced an unworthy play, and the public therefore owes them much. Mr. Harrison was educated in London and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree twenty-five years ago. He completed his education by a tour round the world, and then started work as a tutor and lecturer; but, after a couple of years, joined Mr. F. R. Benson's company. Next he joined Mr. Benson, and afterwards became his business manager. Then came a season with Mr. Forbes Robertson in 1895, which was followed by the famous partnership which has just been dissolved.

A CONVERTED AMATEUR.

Though he can boast of ancestors who reach back to Saxon days, Mr. Cyril Maude owes none of his success on the stage to anything but his own ability. The stage fascinated him from his earliest days, and as amateur theatricals were very much the vogue at Charterhouse while he was there at school he became an excellent amateur actor. From Charterhouse he went to France, and from France to Australia, owing to illness. The United States were next the scene of his wanderings, and it was there that he was offered his first theatrical engagement. He took it and made a great success.

* * *

Even then he did not decide to go on the stage permanently, and on his return to England appeared again as an amateur. Once more he was successful, and was persuaded to adopt the stage as a profession. He is a quiet, retiring person, who strongly objects to the publicity of the average actor's life. The lack of privacy is, in fact, his one complaint against the stage as a profession. Of late years his work as an actor-manager has rather cut into his amusements and he has been obliged to him a most peace-loving and a large extent. He and his wife (Miss Winifred Emery) will probably have a theatre of their own next season.

* * *

Some of President Roosevelt's opponents in America have been saying that he is too bellicose in disposition and policy. It is this very characteristic of his which makes him a most peace-loving President. The President of the United States is not allowed to leave the country, which at once explains the answer he made to a friend who suggested the possibility of war to him just after he had moved into the White House. "War," said Mr. Roosevelt, war—and me cooped up here! Well, I guess not!



News · in · Negatives

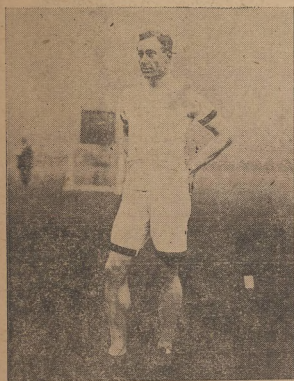


MOTORIZING TO THE "MIRROR" GALA ENTERTAINMENT.



Readers of the "Daily Mirror" travelled by all kinds of conveyances to the Crystal Palace on Saturday to enjoy the great free entertainment. Here you see a bevy of pretty girls arriving at the Palace on a De Dion car. The lady recognised by an X is Miss Beatrice Hill, winner of the first prize in the "Mirror" Beauty Show, and the young lady on her left, indicated by an O, won the second prize.

L.A.C.'s FAREWELL.



London Athletic Club's last meeting at Stamford Bridge: C. H. Jupp (220 yards champion) winner of the 300 yards race from scratch on Saturday.

PROF. FINSEN DEAD.



He was the inventor of the light treatment for lupus and its associated diseases, and has just died at Copenhagen.

"MIRROR" BEAUTY SHOW: FIRST PRIZE.



MISS BEATRICE HILL.
Over 5,000 people voted in the Beauty Show on "Mirror" Gala Day at the Crystal Palace. Miss Hill, of the Alhambra ballet, "L'Entente Cordiale," obtained first prize with 1,646 votes, and—

"MIRROR" GALA DAY BALLOON.



The largest balloon in the world, which was specially built by Messrs. Short Bros., of Saville, was one of the features of the "Daily Mirror" Gala Entertainment at the Crystal Palace and grounds. The small picture on top



"MIRROR"
GALA
DAY
PICTURE
COMPETITION.



Were you caught by the "Mirror" camera?—(See page 10.)

JAPANESE BUGLE CORPS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.



A war scene in Manchuria: Jap Bugle Corps awaiting the signal to sound the advance prior to an engagement.—(Copyright of "Collier's Weekly.")

QUAINT WALKING ADVERTISEMENT.



This curiously-dressed figure parades the streets of Chicago, advertising a brand of cigars.

NEWS TOLD IN VIEWS

ON ASCENT.

"MIRROR" BEAUTY SHOW: SECOND PRIZE.



MISS DAISY TAYLOR.

—this young lady, who is also with the Alhambra company, was declared the winner of the second prize. 730 votes were cast in her favour.



et, W., about to start on its voyage through cloudland on Saturday. This and was witnessed by scores of thousands of "Mirror" readers from the balloon in mid-air.—(Russell.)

WHO SAID "RATS"?



cially for the "Daily Mirror" by Mr. Louis Wain, the cleverest cat artist in the world.

CLOSING SCENES OF THE "MIRROR" GALA DAY ENTERTAINMENTS.



The end of the great firework feast which was specially got up for "Daily Mirror" readers on Saturday evening. Showing the "Mirror's" greeting set out in words of fire.—(Russell.)

THE "DAILY MIRROR" BABY BEAUTY COMPETITION.



HAYDN BRUCE PARKER, of Maidstone.

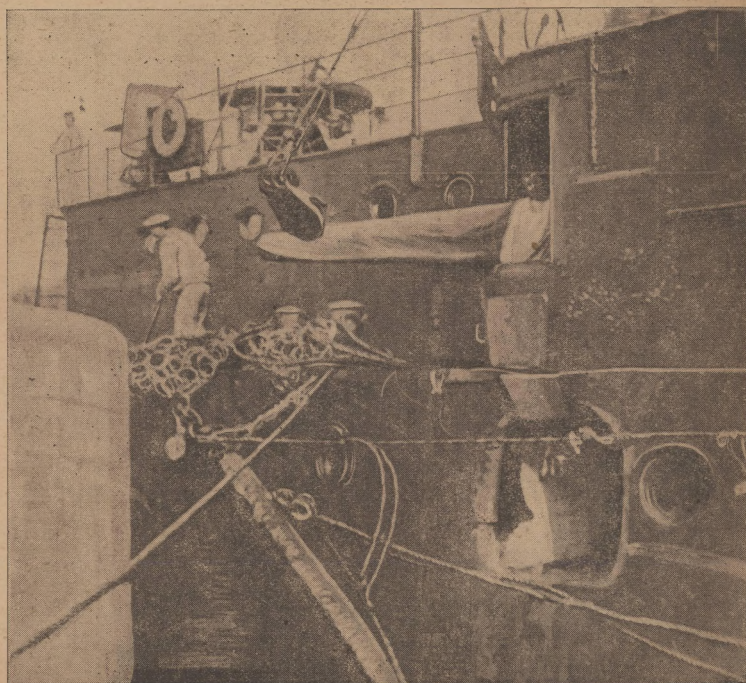


PRUDENCE, daughter of Mr. Arthur Bourchier.



MADGE FRYER, of Daybrook, Nottingham.

ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH OF THE RIDDLED RUSSIAN CRUISER ASKOLD.



Showing a great puncture in her side made by a shell from a Japanese gun.

BIGGEST CROWD ON RECORD.

How 176,059 "Mirror" Guests Spent a Day of Unalloyed Pleasure at the Palace.

(Continued from page 3.)

afforded towards the conclusion of the fireworks display. Viewed from the topmost gallery the scene was wonderfully impressive—almost awe-inspiring.

SQUARE MILE OF HUMANITY.

Far below there stretched for nearly a square mile a solid phalanx of humanity, girdled and intertwined with countless thousands of shimmering fairy lamps that might have been jewelled designs upon the breast of some unimaginable Colossus. Directly overhead was a big yellow moon.

Silence, save for the faint sweet strains of a band. Then the air is cleaved by a shower of rockets that curve gracefully upwards, suggesting golden serpents on a purple background. The once hushed crowd emits a roar of greeting that resembles the crash of breakers on a rocky shore. Presently the fireworks burst and seem to flood the world with silver showers. Now you can see the crowd! A hundred thousand heads are moving below you like bees in a mammoth honeycomb.

Those heads are flung back in a chorus of laughter as William Bay, Esquire—who is confidently believed not to have yet left Sydenham for his domestic hearth—appears in a set piece. And the heads wag, and where there is room they dance to the tune of Mr. William Bailey's favourite song. It is all very wonderful and very good to behold.

GOOD TEMPER AND COURTESY.

When at last a brilliant set piece, reading, "The Daily Mirror hopes you have had a happy day and wishes you good-night," is greeted with a thunderous cheer that rattles the Palace windows, everybody concerned feels more than amply rewarded.

The marvel of the day was the good temper, the splendid behaviour, the courteousness of men towards women and the gentleness and care of both towards children. A well-dressed, superior crowd it was, too. Not a few of them drove up in broughams and motor-cars; and at times the sound in Messrs. Lyons's dining-room rivalled Messrs. Brock's fireworks in the matter of popping corks and golden showers of wine!

"A braw crowd," exclaimed the "Kilties" giant drum-major at the conclusion of their concert, which, by the way, had an audience numbering over 40,000. "I am not delicate," he added, "but my right arm aches with shaking all these dear folks' hands. And the ladies! Well—and the bushied head was lowered three feet to whisper—"your English ladies are not stout."

For Mr. J. H. Cozens, Mr. Humphrey Brammall, Mr. J. A. Botham, Mr. Derry, and the other members of the Crystal Palace staff, it was a day of triumph. Although they have never before been called upon to control such a vast crowd, everything went smoothly.

The only problem that perplexed them was to find the brother of a lost boy who did not know his name or where he lived, or even how old he was, except that his brother was two years older. But eventually even this puzzle was solved and the boy made happy, as was another boy, who walked into the depot for lost children and said he had lost his father.

ALL IN GOOD ORDER.

Taken To and From Palace Like Clockwork.

The transport of the huge crowd of people to and from the great pleasure ground at Sydenham was conducted with clockwork precision, all in good order, and all in good time.

It must be remembered that Saturday was not a public holiday, and that most of the *Mirror* guests had to find their way to the Palace between the hours of two and five.

At two o'clock there were only 22,732 people in the grounds. On an ordinary Bank Holiday there are usually from 50,000 to 60,000 people present by that time.

But soon after two o'clock the rush began in earnest. Trains were dispatched at five-minute intervals from the stations at London Bridge, Victoria, and Blackfriars, without sensibly diminishing the throngs that crowded the platforms. At all the intermediate stations the same congestion prevailed. It seemed inevitable that many would never reach the Palace, but they all got there somehow.

Mindful of the warnings issued by the *Mirror* to its readers, many did not even attempt to make the journey by train. They travelled by the L.C.C. trams to the points nearest to their destination, and cheerfully walked the intervening distance, entering by the least crowded of the entrances.

Hundreds of brakes and char-a-bancs were plying between the City and the Palace, and with omnibuses and nondescript vehicles of all kinds accounted for a fair proportion of the pleasure-seekers.

Even more wonderful was the dispersal of the great crowd. It began with the display of the pyrotechnic *Mirror* greeting at half-past nine. In the next hour 100,000 people passed out of the Palace grounds.

There was no horseplay, and no confusion. There was hardly any crowding. It was the one

thing needful to crown a day filled with remarkable triumphs. Not only had the *Mirror* guests enjoyed a record day's amusement. They were able to return home in comfort and good temper.

LOVELY "BROWN EYES."

Raptures of Love-sick Swains at the Beauty Show.

One of the most pleasing events of the day was the beauty show. Twelve pretty candidates filed on to the platform, removed their hats, and took their seats upon the rows of chairs that waited with open arms to receive them.

The girls gazed nervously at the great wave of admirers who swept up to the stage and scanned them with smiling, critical eyes. There were beauties of all types—fair girls, dark girls, tall girls, short girls, thin girls, and one comely young lady of pleasantly ample proportions.

No. 1, at the other corner of the stage, seemed at one time to run No. 12 very close. She was fair, petite, and possessed blue eyes, which looked straight into the hearts of the masculine voters.

"The Crystal Palace Stakes, 3.30," shouted three young sports. "Ten to one on Pretty Polly."

Photograph in the Ballot Box.

"I ain't got a paper, my dear," said an elderly workman. "I s'pose a five-pun note would do just as well." Another ardent soul dropped a postcard with his photograph and an adoring little note into the box.

And so the merry electors polled their fancy. Close on five thousand votes were registered.

When the result was declared, nobody was surprised that No. 12 had won with 1,646 votes, while No. 1 was second with 730 votes. They were respectively Miss Beatrice Hill and Miss Daisy Taylor, of the Alhambra, who were permitted to take part in the *Mirror* competition by the courtesy of Mr. H. Woodford. No. 3 was third with 306 votes. She was Miss F. Phillips, a local beauty of Sydenham.

The *Mirror* prize of a gold bracelet each will be presented to-day by Mr. Cozens, the managing director of the Crystal Palace.

Afterwards Miss Hill and Miss Taylor were driven round the grounds on a De Dion 8-h.p. car, and photographed for the *Daily Mirror*.

KILTIES' RECORD CONCERT.

The Giant Drum Major Says He Never Saw an Audience Like It.

Towards three o'clock the vast crowds, dispersed all over the grounds, began to mass in the Centre Transept, and the wide space before the grand organ soon became a sea of good-humoured faces.

Here and there a child, perched upon its father's shoulders, peeped over the great congregation intently watching the platform.

Drum-major Roderick Bain McKenzie, the famous Kiltie giant of 7ft. 2in., came out of the dressing-room for a preliminary look around. He beamed over the heads of the people. "Boys," he said excitedly, "it's the greatest crowd we've ever had. Beasts anything hollow we ever played to in the States—and thousands to spare."

Presently the Kilties, led by the drum-major and the smallest member of the band, took their places on the platform. A mighty, hearty cheer went up from thirty thousand throats, ringing and echoing from end to end of the Palace. The giant took his stand to the right of the orchestra, and smiled upon the audience.

Mr. William F. Robinson raised his baton, and the famous Canadian band rose and played "God Save the King" with thrilling volume. For a moment the cheering drowned the National Anthem.

"If it's all like this we shall have a right good time all the time," said the handsome drum-major afterwards. "We never had so great a reception before."

ORION, THE WIRE WIZARD.

Pupil of Blondin Amazes the "Mirror" Multitude.

By half-past four, at which hour Orion was timed to begin his sensational wire-walking feats, every sight-seeing point was occupied.

At least a hundred thousand pairs of eyes were fixed upon the taut thread of steel. Simultaneously with the appearance of a gorgeous rainbow Orion, in his curious tramp's dress, clutched the rope and mounted to the little platform.

Then came some quaintly humorous business, well suited to relieve the nerve tension of the watching crowd, Orion affected uneasiness. He

indulged in frequent and deep potations from a large black bottle.

He started along the rope with fumbling, uncertain feet and a wildly-swinging balancing pole. Then he backed nervously to the platform again, and applied himself once more to his bottle.

A gust of laughter from the crowd greeted each incident in this display of artistic fun-making.

Undressed on the Steel Rope.

Then the pupil of Blondin made up his mind. He marched unceremoniously along his wire to a spot midway between the two platforms, and sat on the wire at his ease.

From this spot he rained garments into the net below. Two hats, as many coats, quite a dozen vests, as well as shirt and trousers, had to be discarded before he stood revealed in his close-fitting white tights.

He stood on his head on the wire, turned a back somersault, walked from end to end of the wire with baskets on his feet, and crowned all by carrying an intrepid volunteer—Mr. Julius Siewert, of Clapham Junction—on his back across the wire.

He ran along the wire, he walked it blindfold, and in the night the lurid glare of the fireworks showed him again passing unconcernedly through space on his tiny strand of wire.

The Palace authorities were quick to see that Orion's performance was exactly to the public taste, and lost no time in securing his services for the coming week.

UP IN A BALLOON.

"Mirror" Man Describes Trip to the Clouds.

As the time drew near, all eyes were looking for the ascent of the *Mirror* balloon.

When everything had been got ready, Captain Short gave the order: "Let the gentlemen who are coming up get into the car."

While the assistants were engaged in releasing the impatient balloon from the scores of sand bags, each weighing 60lb., a police inspector and a constable politely requested that a by-law should not be infringed by throwing out advertisements within the limits of the County of London.

Then suddenly the bottom dropped out of the earth. The police inspector, still flourishing the paper containing the by-law, fell into the depths with the constable at his side.

From below came an inspiring cheer, which grew into a roar as the 100,000 people in the Palace grounds caught sight of the balloon sailing gracefully about 500ft. above the terrace.

We were soon travelling south-west at about twenty miles an hour. The cheers of the Palace crowds had died away into a dull boom.

Captain Short looked earthwards. "There are some clouds down there," he remarked. "We were already above the clouds? We had ascended just over 2,000ft."

The *Mirror* advertisement man threw out handbills and some discs, each entitling the finder to a fountain pen. They hovered below like a flock of white birds.

Silence everywhere; clouds above us, clouds below.

A Mid-Air Meal.

Before descending we had the first hot meal that was ever served in a balloon, for although we had forgotten the piercer of the tins of Calbrit, a pen-knife did efficient duty.

"We will take that big meadow yonder," said the aeronaut, as he threw out some ballast to enable us to clear cottages and a few tall trees.

Through the fields, from all points of the compass, streamed excited villagers, who gave willing assistance at the aeronaut's directions, and manipulated the trail rope so that after two bumps we landed comfortably on the firm-set earth again, at a place known as Clarke's Green, seven miles from Dorking.

GREAT DRAMA OF FIRE.

Mr. Brook Honours "Mirror" Day with a Grand Exhibition.

Never was such an exhibition of fireworks seen before. Mr. Brook surpassed himself.

At a minute to nine the signal pilot rocket shot hissing into the air. It dissolved in the darkness into a cloud of stars, and there followed the famous long-drawn "o-hi!" from the eager spectators. The gleaming red and pale green fires shone out behind the screens, and then two great fire balloons soared aloft, emitting gorgeous many-coloured flames.

In quick succession came humorous set-pieces—Mr. Brook's amazing fire-walk of fire, the puzzle picture "What is it?" dissolving finally into nodding elephants and horses, voracious crocodiles, and yapping geese.

Bill Bailey's Picture.

A great roar went up when Bill Bailey, in the glory of three colossal fires, appeared with jocular smile and pipe in mouth. The band played the notorious air, and the people chanted merrily, "Won't you come home, Bill Bailey."

As the words "The *Daily Mirror* hopes you have had a happy day, and wishes you all good-night"

outlined themselves in variegated fires, the enthusiasm of the great multitude broke into a cheer that it was good to hear.

CHILDREN ALL WELL.

New Boots Given to Lost Boy from Shoreditch.

It was our great care that no harm should befall the little people who came to celebrate *Mirror* Day at the Palace.

When the lights were beginning to be lowered, and only a few stray pleasure-seekers lingered in the Palace, there came the count of lost children. One small boy of six summers sat with a smile on his sleepy face in the place set apart for little wanderers.

The prophets were wrong. Instead of the hundreds there was only one, and he, according to his own drowsy statement, had been lost all day.

The children's refuge, in charge of the Rev. Walter Hobbs and Mrs. Greener, with its cosy quarters in the Centre Transept and its big sign, "Lost children to be brought here," had done its work admirably. In all 220 children were lost and found again during the day. Mothers had no worry at all. If their children strayed they knew where to find them, and they knew they would be well cared for.

A doleful story was told by a diminutive boy of seven. He had struggled valourously in the crowd, but by some means his boots were torn from his feet. The *Mirror* has accordingly presented him with a new pair, much to his own great delight. Among others he was sent home at the expense of the *Mirror*. A special fund was allowed Mr. Hobbs for the purpose of paying fares for the lost little ones, and many tired little feet were saved long, dreary journeys home in consequence.

MODEL "MIRROR."

Good Humour and Good Manner on Every Hand.

The most wonderful feature of the great *Mirror* Gala Day at the Crystal Palace was undoubtedly the crowd.

As early as nine o'clock in the morning the people began to arrive in a steady stream, which went on continuously for almost a round of the clock.

The turnstile men, most of them old hands, had never seen such a rush, and they frequently had to open the gates at the side of the turnstiles and let the crowds stream through.

It was estimated that over 130,000 persons were massed on the great terrace and in the grounds at 4.30 to witness Orion's aerial show.

Side Shows Make Harvest.

The side shows in the grounds were patronised to an extent which absolutely astonished the Crystal Palace staff.

One grey-haired employee said to Mr. Cozens: "The fairy archipelago is crowded to suffocation, sir, and the topsy-turvy railway is a hundred deep."

Over 4500 was taken on Sir Hiram Maxin's flying machines alone.

Perhaps the most picturesque sight was at night, when the crowds had again gathered to witness the fireworks.

Mr. C. T. Brock looked down upon the grounds from the King's Room, and estimated that fully 160,000 persons were present. He said, "It is simply wonderful. In forty years' experience I have never seen so large or so orderly a crowd anywhere."

By 11 p.m. the Crystal Palace was empty, and fifteen minutes later the High and Low Level platforms were all clear.

A miracle of transport had been performed.

SNAPSHOT COMPETITION.

The *Daily Mirror* has arranged a unique picture competition in connection with the Gala Day at the Crystal Palace.

As the crowds poured into the building and grounds a *Mirror* photographer took over 100 snapshots of the people.

For some little time to come these photographs will be reproduced in the paper daily. The owners of the faces will receive 5s. in cash and a *Mirror* fountain pen.

Many would-be competitors arrived too late for the Beauty Show.

Daily Mirror readers beat "Daily Mail" readers by 7 goals to 5 at the polo match.

One man wanted to leave the Palace in a balloon. He offered Mr. Eustace Short £45 for a trip.

The main street at Sydenham looked in the evening as if it were paved with copies of the *Daily Mirror*. Pedestrians searched in vain, however, for stray coupons.

Mr. W. T. Carr, who has been chief engineer at the Palace for forty years, was amazed. "I have seen Cup Days and Bank Holidays," he said; "but I have never seen a *Mirror* Day. It is the greatest accomplishment of any newspaper in the world."

Our New Serial.

[Begin this Startling Story To-day.

TILL THE DEAD SPEAK.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife."

"We may evade the watchful gaze of the Living, but the invisible eyes of the Dead are upon us all, eternally."—Montaigne.

WHAT PREVIOUS CHAPTERS CONTAINED.

Robert Ferris and his cousin and junior, Stephen Latham, are partners in an old and long-established firm of solicitors. At the time we first meet them in their offices, Latham—who is a handsome, careless, reckless, and rather dissipated young fellow—betrays the fact that he has, as usual, during one of his constant absences from the office, been betting heavily and losing, and he asks for further advances.

Then Robert Ferris tells him that the firm is ruined and bankrupt, and mutual reproaches occur, for it becomes evident that Robert Ferris himself has been plunging most desperately on the Stock Exchange. He confesses that he has misappropriated the great sum of £50,000, the property of Hilda Maxwell, a young girl, and an orphan, whose legal affairs have been in the hands of the firm. Latham, too late, is overwhelmed by shame and remorse, especially as Robert Ferris reveals to him that he, Ferris, and Hilda have secretly given their whole love to each other. The matter is complicated by the fact that a Hindoo, one Hushmat Bisram, who is the guardian of Hilda—appointed by her father, who has been an almost fanatical Orientalist—is almost immediately expected to call and demand an account of the firm's whereabouts, he having been warned by some enemy of the firm.

Then Latham makes the startling proposition that if Ferris will at once find the sum of £2,000 he, Latham, will abscond and will affect to commit suicide. It is hoped by this means that all the blame may be taken off the shoulders of Ferris whilst it is shifted wholly upon the absconder, Latham. The plan is carried out, and we then find Ferris at Latham's private rooms, destroying his partner's papers and so on. He finds a revolver bearing Latham's initials on the bed, as though Latham had contemplated suicide. Just then the bell of the outer door rings, and Ferris hastily pockets the revolver.

The newcomer is Hushmat Bisram, the Hindoo, who forces himself in and persists in mistaking Ferris for Latham. After a very hot passage of mutual recriminations, Ferris strikes the Hindoo, and the two begin a life-and-death struggle, during which the Hindoo produces a murderous knife. Almost in self-defence Ferris uses the revolver, and Hushmat Bisram falls dead. Ferris at once makes a rush to the residence of Hilda Maxwell, thinking that by doing so he can always prove an alibi, and he calculates that, as the murder took place at Latham's rooms, the latter will be blamed, especially as the revolver has been left by the dead body.

After an interview with Hilda, a charming girl, we find Ferris at his own chambers, and here he is unexpectedly joined by one Mrs. Rycroft, a very beautiful adventuress. She forces the secret of the murder from him, and then he learns that it was she who, thinking herself discarded, had, under the name of "Vashli, the Supplanted," betrayed the shakiness of the firm to the Hindoo. She discloses to him that he will leave England with her, and Ferris, whilst declining this, is just assuring her of his continued love, when Hilda Maxwell stands in the doorway crying, "Robert, please tell this woman that—I am your wife!"

CHAPTER IV. (continued.)

"Your wife!"

Mrs. Rycroft's voice was strained to a thin thread of sound. She looked a furious interrogation at Ferris, with blazing eyes; her little body stiffened with the rigidity of a panther about to spring. "Is it true? Is this thing true?" she cried vibrantly.

For a moment Ferris made no answer. His eyes were fixed on the girl at his side. Hilda's face was deathly white. She moved away from him, falteringly, yet her eyes sought his with an anguished entreaty. "Robert, what—what—?" The words trailed into an indistinct cry. She swayed with outstretched hands, then fell fainting, a dead weight in the arms Ferris spread to catch her.

"Yes, it's quite true," he said, over the rampart of his wife's body. "I suppose this will kill her."

For a moment the other woman stared at him, then, with an abrupt movement, she flung up her head and burst into a laugh.

"Almost successful," she cried; "another moment and I would have believed you utterly. Lord! what fools we women be, the wisest, the most disillusioned of us!"

Ferris laid the girl down on the broad couch—an old-fashioned, cushioned thing which went far to filling the room. The woman's words, and, more, the contempt of her look, stung him with an intolerable shame. The night had revived a flickering passion; he felt an almost abject wish to justify himself.

"Leave her alone!" Myra cried sharply, as he bent over Hilda. "She'll come to her senses in

time—too quickly for her happiness, poor little fool." She moved across the room and stood by his side, looking down at the unconscious girl. "Poor wretch," she murmured, half to herself; "before she made her dramatic entrance I believe I was jealous of her; now—she turned away with a shrug of her beautiful shoulders—'God pity her!'"

Ferris looked at her with apathetic eyes. "Well, have you nothing to say?" he asked.

She raised her eyebrows. "Say? My dear Robert, that you're one of the worst sort of scoundrels." He could see that her breast rose and fell convulsively, that her teeth almost met in her lip to stem back the torrent of words that rushed to them. "A very poor sort of scoundrel; yet, who am I to judge or condemn?" She looked at him cruelly. "No, not you, my good man," she said, with an incomparable accent of bantering contempt; "and if I did, what then? Wouldn't they turn a very pretty searchlight on you—what shall I call it?—eccentric business methods? That unfortunate failure to regard the niceties of men and tum?"

He tried to bluff. "Why on earth should I? Go to the first constable you meet with your story and see what credence is given to the word of a jealous woman. You'd find it a case of the bitter bit—perhaps, of an indictment for blackmail."

"Do not touch her hands with an ailed gesture," she said, with a good man's smile, "with an incomparable accent of bantering contempt; and if I did, what then? Wouldn't they turn a very pretty searchlight on you—what shall I call it?—eccentric business methods? That unfortunate failure to regard the niceties of men and tum?"

He made a step towards her. "Does that mean?"

"It means that having got hold of a secret of value, I mean to realise on it, Robert," she said.

"Like the secrets of most women it is open to purchase. If you choose to buy my silence, my friend, it has a price. What shall we say? Five thousand pounds, and the rest in instalments?"

She smiled, an evil smile, which transformed the beauty of her face.

"Five thousand pounds, and you know that I am a ruined man," he cried fiercely.

She shrugged her shoulders. "It is my price."

There was a moment's silence in the room.

"A prohibitive price. You know as well as I do that what you ask is impossible," said Ferris desperately. "I shall move heaven and earth, but if I fail, Myra, if I fail, you will be merciful? Remember my extremity, remember"—he ventured on with the courage of a forlorn hope—"our love."

"Her laughter rang discordantly as she met his glance, and a light of amusement in her eyes. That was what she felt, amused and pleased. For the moment she gloried in her power over this man who had mastered her heart, drained it of passion and, as she thought, cast it aside. Now, where a woman of the south might have struck one swift, avenging blow, she longed for torture, the slow devastation of fear, the corrosive acid of public shame. The man was at her mercy; he should feel the quality of it.

"Do not be afraid," she said harshly. "I shall forget nothing; no, nor to be merciful, with all mercy of a woman in whose memory the past is very green."

She looked away and put a sudden question.

"I suppose you lied when you said you did not love her? She's pretty enough, worth a man's love—I should think capable of returning it. Yes, I wronged her. She's right, I'm a miss, but like myself, one of passion's puppets."

Ferris turned on her with a gesture of pain. "Don't," he said hoarsely, "don't speak like that."

As he looked at the glowing figure, with its crown of burnished, glorious hair, he felt that he could have struck her full in the brilliant face, for the shame with which she scourged him.

She gave a spiteful little laugh. "The bond-woman and the free," she said, in a low-toned voice; "the old story, Hagar mocking at Sarah. Well, well, let me leave you to your joy. Another time it would have been pleasant to have listened to the story of this romance. It gets late, and I have my reputation to consider."

Ferris stifled a curse. "How much grace will you give me, you mocking fiend?" he asked.

She made a feint of consideration. "How long does the man of substance, the husband of the heiress, require to raise money? Let me see—four hours, nine till six, nine till ten, she counted on her fingers. 'Till twelve, yes. Half-past twelve at my house. I shall expect you then. Otherwise, O Benedict, the married man, it will be a short shift, I am afraid, to these matrimonial joys."

"Half-past twelve? I tell you it is impossible!" he cried in stupefaction.

"Then all the more distinction if you achieve it, my friend," said she. "Good-night. Your wife looks to me as though she were coming round."

As Ferris bent over the couch he heard the outer door open. He was alone with the woman who had found him out.

But had she? That was the question he asked himself. How much had she heard? His brain whirled. What inconceivable folly had driven her there that night? When they had parted the evening before he felt himself secure, and now—? He looked at his watch. Twelve o'clock. What

would Hilda's friends think? He saw nothing before him but ruin, the inevitable ruin which acknowledgment of his marriage at this moment meant. Then, like rain on parched land, came the blessed thought—the Faithfuls, with whom Hilda lived, was away. In his harassed despair he had forgotten that Hilda had told him that they were leaving for Eastbourne that morning.

As he stood a sudden inspiration stung him. If he could only get her home, he knew what he could do. Catherine Oliver, the housemaid, to a certain extent in their confidence, would stand his friend. He rushed to his bedroom and returned carrying a small bottle. The wineless out of which Myra had sipped still stood on the table. He half filled it with wine, and measured carefully some of the contents of the bottle he held into it.

At that moment Hilda stirred, uttered a cry and opened her eyes. His arm was around her in an instant, holding the glass to her white lips, he forced it through her clenched teeth. Some of the wine dribbled on to the breast of her white gown, staining it red like blood, but she swallowed most of it. He laid her back on the couch, and, propping her head now with cushions, stood watching her anxiously.

Gradually her face assumed a more natural look; the deathly whiteness gave place to a faint colour; her breath came heavily, but regularly. He stooped, and with infinitely tender fingers raised one of her eyelids; the eyes told him what he wished. Thank heaven, the drug was working.

With a sigh of relief, Ferris went into the hall and rang up the messenger call for a four-wheeler.

CHAPTER V.

The Shifting of the Burden.

When Stephen Latham had bidden his cousin good-bye, in the gloaming of the staircase in Craven-street, there was but one definite and coherent thought in his mind, and that thought was self-destruction.

But, despite this resolve, he found himself at Charing Cross Station without any formulated course of action. His venue was Dover, presumably en route for Paris, a city he knew better than many Cockneys know their London; but in the back of his mind lurked the idea that he might skulk behind in Dover, and meet death somewhere within sight of the Lord Warren.

He determined to decide the matter in the train. He thrust his bag into the compartment, and occupied himself with strolling up and down the rapidly filling platform. This was his farewell to London—to his life. He turned his head back. What was Hilda Maxwell to him. Yet a sudden vision of starry eyes beneath a cloud of dark hair obtruded itself between him and the sordid actualities of the station for one blinding moment.

The man's nerves were raw. He looked at the gleaming, polished, cosmopolitan crowd; it seemed as if a veil of sadness had descended between him and the world. With a movement of irritation he walked rapidly up the platform. At the further end, beyond the groups of the personally conducted, the urbane, uniformed couriers, the rushing porters, the platform seemed comparatively deserted. A barrier, half-pulled aside, disclosed his advance. As he passed it he almost stumbled against a lady, and with a word of apology hastened on. The brief glance which the opportunity afforded him showed that she was young, pretty, and in distress. The man at her side—thin, hatch-faced, and hard-eyed—was obviously uneasy.

"For Heaven's sake, Amy," Latham heard him say, "don't make a scene. Why should you? I am coming back. Paris isn't America—look at my luggage—no portmanteau."

"No! But I know you'll never come back, Boy, I know. Heaven pity me."

The bitter cry echoed in Latham's ears as he hurried back to take his seat. Even as the whistle sounded, and the train, with a snort like an animal in distress, was moving slowly out, the door of the compartment burst open, and the man Latham had seen at the deserted end of the platform was bundled in.

The train rushed on through the darkness—a flashing, belching, mysterious thing. Latham, in his corner, sat staring with laggard eyes into the flying night. The rattle and swing of the train seemed to him a ridiculous, quivering hope that some day the owner of those starry eyes might know the truth, and think of him, that nothing in life became him better than the leaving of it.

Very fine, very exalted, no doubt, but as that relentless chorus of the train, the mad swing and rattle, the return and release of the wheel, brought him with each moment nearer. Doubtless, the necessity for decision, his strong young manhood obtruded itself upon this vision. He did not want to die. Jove! Wasn't it possible to wipe out the past except by death? What was that farrago about rising on stepping stones of one's dead self to higher ground on dead men's shoulders, but on the dead that which is the spirit within you?

Dover at last.

As the train steamed in to the boat's side, he determined to go on to Paris. In a few moments he had passed on board and reached the upper deck. At last they were off. The boat moved slowly out into the rough water. The wind blew fiercely.

Latham jammed his cap down on his head and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. The roar of the waves and the wild strength of the dashing spray exhilarated him strangely. The lust to live grew in him apace.

Very few of the men had cared to brave the inclemency of the night, but as Latham turned and made his way along the deck, he was aware of a deck to the shelter where he had left his bag he saw that he had a companion, a man who was making an ineffectual attempt to light a cigarette. The match, flaring up for a moment, showed Latham the features of the man he had noticed at Charing Cross. A sudden impulse prompted him to speak to him.

"A devil of a night," he said, "but I'd rather be in the open than in those stuffy dens downstairs."

"A roughish night," assented the other. "Can you give me a light? I never go below, and tonight, especially, I felt I wanted to see the last of England. There's something grandly mysterious about those great white cliffs at night; whether they fade gradually into thin ghosts or disappear in the sudden embrace of the fog."

"Are you leaving England for long?" asked Latham, with a touch of personal interest.

"For ever!" said the other man shortly, and without a word he got up and walked away. Latham felt a certain spasm of disgust, remembering the agonised words of the woman called "Amy."

It was bitterly cold; in the sky the blackness and weight of the clouds was beginning to give place to the grey which precedes the dawn. Soon the shadowy coastline of France would become visible on the horizon; he had not much time. "That thou doest, do quickly," the words occurred to him with a sinister meaning; they beat out an accompaniment to his tread on the deck. He stopped and stared down at the churning waves. Oh! how it was a hard thing to do. What did men think of when they were about to die? Their misspent life, the judgment they affected to disbelieve in while they trod the world? He thought of neither. His mind reverted to green pastures, the polo grounds at Hurlingham, Piccadilly on a summer night, with the dining carriages passing you like giant fireflies and the moon rides high and mellow over the towers of Westminster. Of all the round of things that had been his life, the grip of a palpitating horse between his knees, the—bah! He caught himself up—was he going to be a coward at the end?

His hands gripped the rails firmly. Suddenly his body, arched for the spring, stiffened. A few yards from him on the deck a dark figure rose, poised for an instant on the edge, then, with a faint cry, flung up its arms and disappeared in the waters, to reappear carried swirling across the water, and with a slight cast from the balcony windows by the waves to the beach.

"Man overboard!" Latham rushed along the deck shouting. In one brief glimpse he had recognised the man who had cast himself as food to this angry sea—the man who had lied to the weeping woman in the dingy station, the man who would never come back.

In an instant the deserted deck was alive with excited, shouting figures.

The captain eyed Latham morosely. "He was annoyed at the incident. 'You saw him jump, you say? Were you near him?'"

"About ten yards," Latham said, to help or detain him. "I recognised him, however, as a man who had asked me for a light about half an hour before, as we sat in a shelter."

"Did you know him?" asked the captain suspiciously.

Latham made a hasty disclaimer. "We sat together for some five minutes in a shelter."

The captain bit his grizzled moustache. "On a night like this there's no hope of recovery; no one could live in such a sea. You don't know his name, I suppose?"

"Gracious! No," said Latham, with irritation. "You'll get his name from his luggage. He left a bag in the shelter."

The men made their way together down the deck. Dawn was beginning to break, great masses of grey cloud rushed across the sky, like flocks of Titanic sheep. In the shelter the two bags lay huddled, the shabby, travel-worn portmanteau, marked in black with the initials E. W., and Latham's kit bag.

"This is mine," said Latham, laying his hand on the portmanteau; "the kit-bag belongs to him."

The captain indicated the bag to the pursuer, who had come up. "Take charge of that," he said brusquely; "then returning to Latham, "I must trouble you to come to my cabin—just the formality of your evidence as the only man who knew anything of the accident."

"Poor devil. I wonder what made him do it?" said Latham, as he wrote down his name and address: Edward W. W., 73a, Fagette-square, London; and 2, Avenue de Camille, Paris.

"Money or a woman," said the captain laconically. "They're two things you may be pretty certain lie at the root of most men's troubles."

As the train carried Latham through the gay Piccadilly, he smiled grimly at himself. Could it be conceivable that he had really cast the slough of his past so easily? He hardly dared think so.

When he reached Paris the English papers were selling at the kiosks. He stopped and bought one. As he tore the fluttering sheets open "Murder by a Solicitor," he read, "Strand," caught his eye. His own name stared back at him with an ugly significance.

He stood with the sheet crumpled in his hand.

A long and thrilling instalment of this enthralling now story will appear in our issue of to-morrow.

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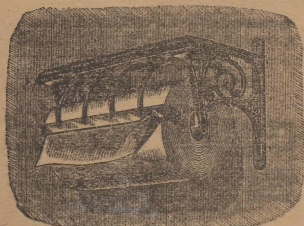
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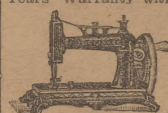
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WOOLWICH ARSENAL'S FIRST SUCCESS.

The "Reds" Beat the "Wolves" and Score Their First Goal in the First Division—Sheffield Wednesday's Determined Football.

NOTES ON SOUTHERN LEAGUE GAMES.

The eagerly-anticipated victory for the Arsenal club has come at last, and the Woolwich team, by scoring a couple of goals against the Wanderers from Wolverhampton, have raised themselves out of the lowest positions in the Football League table and now stand fourth from the bottom of the list. It was wanted, this victory, because football crowds are the most fickle-minded gatherings, and a brilliant season's work is forgotten the next if the team falls away from its high estate. The mere fact that the "Reds" finished second in the championship of the junior division last season will avail the club nothing if they fail to win among the seniors.

Saturday's game was rather interfered with by the weather, and a much smaller crowd was present on the Woolwich ground than when Preston played them a fortnight before. Still, there were quite 20,000 enthusiasts present, and these were soon cheering themselves hoarse in an ecstasy of delight, for it was quickly seen that the Arsenal were playing a winning game, and even the heavy players which beset the ground failed to damp the ardour of these partisans of the "Reds," who showed much of the form which made them so popular when playing in the Second Division last year.

The Arsenal forwards showed better combination, better shooting ability, and, above all, more dash and less conservatism in their earlier games, and although Baddeley, the great international goalkeeper, was holding the fort for their opponents they did not stand in awe of him, as they appeared to of McBride, the Preston keeper. Baddeley gave a great display, and time and again saved the situation with a daring and quickness of perception and execution which had to be successful to be appreciated. Jones, in right back, although he made a fatal mistake in misjudging the flight of the ball when Satterthwaite scored the first and fateful goal for the Arsenal, also defended valiantly.

Miller and Woodbridge were the pick of the "Wolves," and the last-named was at times the best forward on the field. The "Wolves" halves were rather overplayed by the Arsenal forwards, but pegged away throughout, and at one period in the second half it looked as though these plodding tactics would meet with success, but the Arsenal forwards rallied, and Coleman shot a second goal just before the close.

The Arsenal defence was a trifle shaky still, but Ashcroft in goal played a fine game indeed. Ashcroft may not be the most finished keeper in the League, but he is as safe as can be, and now that he is playing in first-class surroundings he is undoubtedly able to meet with the recognition they deserve. Gray, who cost the club such a tremendous figure when he left the Scottish League to join the "Reds," played better, but in my humble opinion the Arsenal have home talent available better than either of the backs who did duty on Saturday. There may be better backs in the First Division than Archie Cross, but not many. The Arsenal will have to play him sooner or later, and neither Jackson nor Gray, good though they may be, can legitimately keep him out of the team.

Forward the "Reds" were splendid. Briercliffe was himself again, Coleman is a worker and a worrier of the most pronounced type. Going in the centre kept his wings together admirably, and Hunter and Satterthwaite on the other wing a constant source of danger and distress to Jones and Whitehouse, who must have been glad when the match was over, for there was no scene of enthusiasm at the close, and the Arsenal players fought their way into the dressing-room through a mob of delighted partisans, amid much back-patting and hand-wringing.

The outstanding performance on Saturday, to my mind, in the First League series was the wonderful recovery of Sheffield Wednesday, after being two goals down at half-time. Aston Villa went to Owlerton determined to show that their improved form was no flash in the pan. They played like demons in the first half. Bache scored with one of his wonderful drives, and the youth Matthews, who has been showing such good form for the Villa at centre-forward, put on another point. The exertions of the Villa told their tale in the second half. Amid great excitement the Wednesday scored through Davis, equalised through Chapman, and finally won by a splendid shot from Simpson. The Villa rallied towards the close and pressed Lyall, in the Wednesday goal, hotly, but the champions were irresistible, and won their fourth successive match and retained their brilliant record.

Preston North End met with their first defeat at Everton, but only by a goal, after a grim struggle. The other undefeated sides—Blackburn Rovers and Newcastle United—also met with an inevitable, failing to Notts Forest and Small Heath

respectively. I am pleased to see Small Heath get a leg-up, as they have been terribly unlucky in some of their earlier games. The Forest have shown most extraordinary form. Their two home matches have given them no fewer than ten goals, and five of these were scored against Blackburn on Saturday. The Rovers had not previously had a point scored against them. Shearman, the old Shepherd's Bush forward, scored three of the "Foresters'" goals.

The Southern League matches resulted almost as anticipated. Some capital play was witnessed at West Ham, and in spite of the wet afternoon it was conclusively proved that the promotion of the Arsenal will not hurt the other London clubs at all. Stratford is within a few minutes of Woolwich, on the Great Eastern Railway, yet some 18,000 spectators were present to see the "Spurs" play West Ham. It was fine game to watch, but the greasy state of the ground prevented either team from playing really scientific football. Kingsley, the West Ham goalkeeper, was in fine form, particularly in the first half, when the Tottenham forwards, splendidly led by the international centre, J. Woodward, pressed severely. Nelson and Percy played splendidly at half-back, and the "Hammers" during this trying time. Both sides got the ball through once, but neither point passed the test of the referee's judgment, and a goalless draw about represented the run of the play.

Maintaining their excellent form New Brompton played finely against Fulham, and it was only in the last half minute of the game that Morrison scored and enabled Mr. Bradshaw's men to equalise a brilliant goal scored by Barnfather in the early stages of the game. Fulham had much the best of the exchanges, but their old weakness in front of goal, the steadiness of Griffiths in goal, and the fine play of White and Walton at back kept them from scoring. Swindon were just a trifle unlucky in failing to at least share the points at Watford. "Johnny" Goodall, that prince of forwards of a bygone time, who has seen most of his old playmates retire, scored a goal for Watford, and then the victor of a persistent forward attack the Watford defenders played splendidly at half-back and won the game. Biggar in goal was seen to especial advantage.

Last year Wellingborough created a surprise by defeating Southampton at the Dell. They have displayed such indifferent form this season that nothing of the kind was anticipated on Saturday. Yet they kept the champions at bay for an hour, and then were only beaten by a goal scored by Harry Turner. The champions, although they have won three of their four matches, have not shown any surprising form so far this season, if the victory over Queen's Park Rangers be accepted. They have not been very highly tried yet in the Southern League, and will probably find that the championship will take a lot of holding this season. Harrison, their great scoring forward, seems to have lost his deadliness. A word of praise is due to Ord, Martin, and Draper, the Wellingborough defenders, for their stubborn resistance.

Bristol Rovers and Queen's Park Rangers delighted the frequenters of the Bristol ground, who saw some very fast play, without any goals being scored. Cartledge, the Rovers' keeper, and Collins, his vis-a-vis, both kept goal admirably, and perhaps a draw was the best possible ending to a ding-dong struggle.

The form of Brighton and Hove Albion is inexplicable. A week ago, away from home, they soundly thrashed Wellingborough. On Saturday they were beaten at Brighton by Portsmouth, a team that prior to this match had presented no terrors to any opponents. Plymouth Argyle are undoubtedly one of the finest of the Southern League eleven, and even Luton, with their famous defence, were beaten with comparative ease. The substitution of Cox for McLuckie brought about a general improvement in the Argyle front rank, and thrice was Lindsay beaten in the Luton goal.

Brentford are improving. True, they have yet to register their initial victory in the Southern League, but Saturday marked a certain degree of development, for, away from home, they actually scored two goals. They had previously played three matches without once finding the net. When, early in the season, Reading overwhelmed Portsmouth they were at once estimated at a very high level, and the third and last of the season contributed to a depreciation of that estimate, and the fact that they could only defeat Millwall Athletic at Reading by 2-1 goes to demonstrate that they are no better or worse than they have been for some seasons past. Millwall may certainly derive some satisfaction from the result, and their improvement will be welcomed by all followers of the game.

CITIZEN.

SATURDAY'S RESULTS.

ASSOCIATION.

THE LEAGUE—Division I.

Woolwich Arsenal (h) .. 2	Wolverhampton Wanderers 0
Sheffield Wednesday (h) .. 1	Aston Villa .. 2
Derby County (h) .. 1	Sheffield United .. 1
Notts Forest (h) .. 2	Blackburn Rovers .. 2
Derby County (h) .. 1	Watson, Bradshaw .. 2
Bloomer 2, Hounslow .. 1	Middlesbrough .. 2
Richard .. 1	Brown, Davidson .. 1
Sunderland (h) .. 2	Bury .. 1
Derby County (h) .. 1	Stoke (h) .. 0
Notts County .. 1	Preston North End .. 0
Everton .. 1	McBennett .. 1
Small Heath (h) .. 2	Newcastle United .. 1
Small Heath (h) .. 2	Witch .. 1

POSITIONS OF THE CLUBS.

Club	Played	Won	Lost	Draw	For	Agst	Pts
Sheffield Wed (h) .. 1	5	4	0	0	15	3	8
Preston N.E. .. 1	5	3	1	1	7	3	7
Derby County (h) .. 1	5	3	1	1	15	3	6
Everton (h) .. 1	5	3	2	0	8	6	6
Wolverhampton (h) .. 1	5	3	2	0	10	6	6
Aston Villa (h) .. 1	5	3	2	0	9	9	6
Newcastle U. (h) .. 1	4	2	1	1	8	5	5
Sunderland (h) .. 1	4	2	1	1	9	9	5
Derby County (h) .. 1	5	2	2	1	8	9	5
Nottingham (h) .. 1	5	2	2	1	6	9	5
Notts County (h) .. 1	5	2	2	1	6	9	5
Notts Forest (h) .. 1	4	2	2	0	12	8	4
Manchester U. (h) .. 1	4	1	2	1	5	8	3
Middlesbrough (h) .. 1	4	1	2	1	5	8	3
Blackburn Rovers (h) .. 1	4	1	2	1	5	8	3
Small Heath (h) .. 1	4	1	2	1	5	7	2
Stoke (h) .. 1	4	1	2	1	5	7	2
Small Heath (h) .. 1	4	1	2	1	5	7	2
West Bromwich Albion (h) .. 1	4	0	4	0	3	15	0

Club	Played	Won	Lost	Draw	For	Agst	Pts
West Bromwich Albion (h) .. 1	4	0	4	0	3	15	0
Blackburn Rovers (h) .. 1	4	0	4	0	3	15	0
Liverpool (h) .. 1	4	0	4	0	3	15	0
Derby County (h) .. 1	4	0	4	0	3	15	0
Derby County (h) .. 1	4	0	4	0	3	15	0
Derby County (h) .. 1	4	0	4	0	3	15	0
Derby County (h) .. 1	4	0	4	0	3	15	0
Derby County (h) .. 1	4	0	4	0	3	15	0
Derby County (h) .. 1	4	0	4	0	3	15	0
Derby County (h) .. 1	4	0	4	0	3	15	0

Division II.

Doncaster Rovers .. 1	Grimsby Town .. 0
Bury (h) .. 1	Lincoln City (h) .. 0
Sheffield United (h) .. 1	Sheffield Wednesday (h) .. 0
Derby County (h) .. 1	Derby County (h) .. 0
Derby County (h) .. 1	Derby County (h) .. 0
Derby County (h) .. 1	Derby County (h) .. 0
Derby County (h) .. 1	Derby County (h) .. 0
Derby County (h) .. 1	Derby County (h) .. 0
Derby County (h) .. 1	Derby County (h) .. 0
Derby County (h) .. 1	Derby County (h) .. 0

SOUTHERN LEAGUE—Division I.

Fulham (h) .. 1	New Brompton .. 1
West Ham (h) .. 0	Tottenham Hotspur .. 0
Portsmouth (h) .. 1	Brighton and Hove Albion (h) .. 0
Plymouth (h) .. 1	Luton .. 0
Watford (h) .. 1	Swindon .. 0
Southampton (h) .. 1	Wellingborough .. 0
Northampton (h) .. 1	Brentford .. 2
Bristol Rovers (h) .. 0	Queen's Park Rangers .. 0
Reading (h) .. 1	Millwall Athletic .. 1
Reading (h) .. 1	Millwall Athletic .. 1

POSITIONS OF THE CLUBS.

Club	Played	Won	Lost	Draw	For	Agst	Pts
Queen's Park R. (h) .. 1	4	3	0	1	8	5	7
Southampton (h) .. 1	4	3	0	1	10	8	7
Reading (h) .. 1	4	3	0	1	10	8	7
Northampton (h) .. 1	4	3	0	1	10	8	7
Swindon Town (h) .. 1	4	3	0	1	10	8	7
Brighton and Hove Albion (h) .. 1	4	3	0	1	10	8	7
Brentford (h) .. 1	4	3	0	1	10	8	7
Wellingborough (h) .. 1	4	3	0	1	10	8	7
Wellingborough (h) .. 1	4	3	0	1	10	8	7
Wellingborough (h) .. 1	4	3	0	1	10	8	7

Second Division.

Brighton and Hove Albion Reserves .. 0	Reading Reserves .. 0
Swindon Town Res. (h) .. 1	Watford Reserves .. 0

LONDON LEAGUE.

West Ham Reserves .. 0	Leyton .. 0
City of Westminster .. 0	Woolwich Polytechnic .. 2

AMATEUR CUP—Preliminary Round.

South Wood .. 2	Marlow .. 0
Windsor and Eton (h) .. 2	Reading Amateurs (h) .. 0
Marlow .. 0	Reading Amateurs (h) .. 0
Reading Amateurs (h) .. 0	Reading Amateurs (h) .. 0
Reading Amateurs (h) .. 0	Reading Amateurs (h) .. 0
Reading Amateurs (h) .. 0	Reading Amateurs (h) .. 0
Reading Amateurs (h) .. 0	Reading Amateurs (h) .. 0
Reading Amateurs (h) .. 0	Reading Amateurs (h) .. 0
Reading Amateurs (h) .. 0	Reading Amateurs (h) .. 0
Reading Amateurs (h) .. 0	Reading Amateurs (h) .. 0

OTHER MATCHES.

4 Casuals .. 0	Royal Artillery .. 1
4 Casuals .. 0	Royal Artillery .. 1
4 Casuals .. 0	Royal Artillery .. 1
4 Casuals .. 0	Royal Artillery .. 1
4 Casuals .. 0	Royal Artillery .. 1
4 Casuals .. 0	Royal Artillery .. 1
4 Casuals .. 0	Royal Artillery .. 1
4 Casuals .. 0	Royal Artillery .. 1
4 Casuals .. 0	Royal Artillery .. 1
4 Casuals .. 0	Royal Artillery .. 1

RUGBY UNION.

Old Merchant Tailors 15	Harlequins (h) .. 3
Blackheath (h) .. 15	Design Football .. 1
Swansea (h) .. 15	Brigand .. 1
Reform (h) .. 15	Brigand .. 1
Reform (h) .. 15	Brigand .. 1
Reform (h) .. 15	Brigand .. 1
Reform (h) .. 15	Brigand .. 1
Reform (h) .. 15	Brigand .. 1
Reform (h) .. 15	Brigand .. 1
Reform (h) .. 15	Brigand .. 1

TO-DAY'S MATCHES.

Woolwich Arsenal v. West Ham .. 4.0	Wolverhampton Wanderers v. West Ham .. 4.0
Tottenham v. Tottenham Hotspur .. 5.30	Blackburn Rovers v. Tottenham .. 5.30
South-Eastern League .. 4.0	South-Eastern League .. 4.0
Scottish League .. 4.0	Scottish League .. 4.0
Birmingham Cup .. 4.0	Birmingham Cup .. 4.0
Other Match .. 4.0	Other Match .. 4.0

ACCIDENT TO ROCK SAND.

Thunderbolt Wins the Prince Edward Handicap.

WILLIE LANE'S CONDITION.

Rock Sand has met with an accident. The colt has injured one of the fore-ankle joints, and he is a doubtful runner for the Jockey Club Stakes, the last of the season's £10,000 races, to be run next Thursday at Newmarket. This is bad luck for Sir James Miller, but from another point of view it increases the sporting interest in the race. An enormous number of people on Saturday saw Mr. E. H. Polchampron's Thunderbolt win the Prince Edward Handicap from Lord Carnarvon's Robert le Diable and thirteen other competitors at Manchester. It was a very fine race, but not free from mishaps. Mr. Henning's Flower Seller, who was fully expected to follow up his Alexandra Park victory, and started first favourite, had a bumping match with Sir Edgar Vincent's Donetta just below the distance, and the incident extinguished both their chances.

D. Maher had the mount on Robert le Diable. That horse, with Marsden, Donetta, and The Arrow, formed the most modest division at the starting. Flower Seller was in the centre, and better placed were the Irish horse, Earla Mor, and Thunderbolt. Maher's Nimble Riding.

The most prominent features of the contest were the good pace set by Thunderbolt in the early stages, the lead held by Earla Mor in the straight, and the nimble way Maher threaded his way through on Robert le Diable, only to find in a fine finish that he could not cope against Thunderbolt, whose path had doubtless been cleared of two doubtful opponents by the bumping between Flower Seller and Donetta, 300 yards from home.

Marsden ran very moderately, and the form may have considerable influence on his Cambridgeshire prospects. Excuses can be made for Flower Seller, yet the non-winning will not at any rate increase the favouritism of Brewer's candidates in the big handicaps. The stable had a partial success in the Plate Handicap, in which Xena, a five-year-old steeple, after a head-on collision with Moultrie, Sir R. Walter Griffiths' colt by Lady's St. 13, in beating The Dhow, Rievaulx, and Lancaster Gate, in the Michaelmas Plate, established his claim to be considered in the first flight of two-year-olds.

A longfield telegram last evening stated there was no material change in the condition of Willie Lane, the injured jockey, who passed a quiet night after an operation.

GREY FRIARS.

PLACED HORSES AND PRICES AT MANCHESTER.

1.35—PALATINE HANDICAP of 500 svs. Five furlongs. MOURAVIEFF, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb .. Griggs 1 100 to 15	5.35—PRINCE EDWARD HANDICAP of 2,000 svs. One second to receive 500 svs. and the third 100 svs. On 28th August. Mr. E. H. Polchampron's colt THUNDERBOLT, by Sir R. Walter Griffiths, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb .. Madden 1 100 to 1
2.15—MICHAELMAS PLATE of 500 svs. for two-year-olds. ST. IAC 9 st 1lb .. Madden 1 7 to 1	2.45—GERARD NURSERY HANDICAP of 200 svs. for two-year-olds. Six furlongs, straight. CADWALDR, 2 yrs, 8st 1lb .. Madden 1 7 to 1
3.15—PRINCE EDWARD HANDICAP of 2,000 svs. One second to receive 500 svs. and the third 100 svs. On 28th August. Mr. E. H. Polchampron's colt THUNDERBOLT, by Sir R. Walter Griffiths, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb .. Madden 1 100 to 1	4.15—SATURDAY SELLING WELTER HANDICAP of 100 svs. winner to be sold for 50 svs. One mile. RIGTHWELL, 3 yrs, 8st .. Madden 1 100 to 1
4.45—PRESTWICK APPRENTICES' PLATE of 100 svs. One mile and three furlongs. SUN BONNET, 3 yrs, 8st .. Robbina 1 100 to 1	

TRIALS AT NEWMARKET.

Newmarket, Sunday.

Leach tried Carrel to beat Comedian (H. Jones), Cape Smoke, and William Tell this morning over the Royal course. Won by a length; two lengths between second and third. Minerva (H. Jones) beat Ophelia (H. Jones) and Friglight over the same course by two lengths; third time.

Chaloner's Flying Star, Almscliff, and Landing Net, Dulsiana, Mrs. Murchison, and Light of Love over six furlongs. Won by a length; a neck between second and third.

Brewer's Galapas, Foundling, and Airship galloped two miles.

Chaloner's Flying Star, Almscliff, and Landing Net were stripped and galloped over the Rowley Mile trial ground.

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you do now, would it not be as
well to try **BEECHAM'S
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